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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1926

Correspondence

Democracy?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—May I be permitted to waste a little more of your space in answering Mr. P. Malcolm Wright's comments on my remarks in your May issue? I deny that I stated anywhere that democracy is "the rule of a rabble, composed largely of millions of bipeds miscalled human beings, who smother the world in ugliness, incapacity, dirt and disease." Such a statement is an unpardonable distortion of what I actually said, and that can be ascertained by re-reading my article.

Since it is clear that at least one of your readers misinterpreted me, let me re-state my case. Democracy is (in theory) government by the masses, or to use a less polite term, the rabble. When it degenerates into government by Bolshevists, Communists, etc., it is government by the *canaille*. In all cases it is government by the least intelligent element in the community, or it would be if it were operative. It is not operative in England or in any civilized country, because the politicians see to it that it is rendered more or less abortive. But it is gaining ground, and unless the theory is fundamentally disputed and nullified, as it has lately been in Italy, it will end by wrecking every nation on earth.

Mr. Wright believes that the unfettered rule of the few, however brave and capable, is quite impossible, either now or in the future. That is a bold statement. It certainly existed in the past, as history abundantly proves, and to-day the unfettered rule of a few exists in Italy, and very much to the nation's profit. The fact that a thing has existed for hundreds of years does not mean that it will always exist. (Two thousand years ago Christianity was unknown. A few thousand years hence it may be forgotten.) Does Mr. Wright really believe that universal suffrage is a permanent institution? Or that the logical outcome of democracy, i.e. the rule of the least able, is the last word in the science of government? I concede that conservatives can accept the fact of democracy without misgiving as long as the vote confers no real political power, but if it ever does their end will be in sight. As to the favourable outlook for "born governors" in democratic states, I fail to see it. The outlook seems to me to be much more favourable for born talkers or born demagogues. I will give Mr. Wright two instances: the Earl of Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George. If democracy produces born governors, why is there such a scarcity of them in English politics? Obviously because the really capable men refuse to "govern" without a free hand, or to take orders either from the capitalist or the labour leader.

Mr. Wright and I are in agreement: the crowded misery of the slums must be abolished. I therefore repeat: "Unbridled propagation (at the expense of others) merely fills the world with the weak and the botched, and should be stamped out. The world pullulates with millions of bipeds, miscalled human beings, who should never have been

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(To be continued next month.)

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born." Is that an exaggerated statement? Are not the cities of the world full of them? Do they not "breed incessantly and smother the world in ugliness, incapacity, dirt and disease?" Are there not at least a million or more of these bipeds in England? And as long as they exist, how can the community achieve "pleasant and healthful conditions"? "Social service" does not supply them. It merely shifts the burden on to the thrifty and enterprising, and encourages the thriftless to greater irresponsibility.

I deny that social evils exist that can only be removed by "Government intervention," i.e. by charity, doles or social service. They can be removed by continence and by a sense of responsibility, inculcated and enforced by the government. Is that being done? When did Mr. Baldwin issue his last encyclical, setting a date for the cessation of all further doles, and demanding that irresponsible propagation must cease? When will any English government, Conservative or otherwise, have the courage to do so? Will not the bogy of universal suffrage or the howls of the evangelicals prevent it? Would it not cause a revolution, or at least the sudden demise (by apoplexy) of Mr. G. K. Chesterton? Politicians argue that Malthusianism is no cure, because the people will not adopt it, which is the same as saying that the knife is no cure for cancer, because the patient balks at it. Yet for him it is either that or nothing. And the enforcement of continence is the only cure for poverty and want. But before it can be enforced, or even openly taught, the prejudices of the masses must be ignored, the "rights" of democracy disputed, and the superstitions of the sects and their necromancers relegated to the dustbin. What government composed of plutocrats or demagogues will undertake this task? And until it is undertaken what hope is there for "better living and saner thinking?" The first statesman who takes the bull by the horns and cajoles or bullies England into self-control and self-respect will make her the mistress of the earth.

Take the coal strike as a simple instance. Were there a shortage of labour in this industry instead of a glut, and were trade union restrictions abolished, all the miners could be earning high wages consistent with the market and their productive powers. And if other industries faced the same situation wages would automatically rise, and render all charity in the form of insurance, education, support, doles, etc., superfluous. Immigration would, of course, have to be restricted, and it is high time it were. Labour would in one generation achieve independence, and escape from the morass of misery and ignorance in which a large part of it wallows to-day. It would not need a "share in the government," i.e. a vote, to attain social justice. All the votes in the world cannot command that, nor can they increase "the vigour of our national life." The only thing that can do so is *the sense of responsibility and ownership*, and when you have that, and a little courage and intelligence, you need no votes. If your government does not please you you throw it out by force and put in another. That has a horrible sound to English ears, but only to those who never heard of Cromwell or who believe that perpetual general elections, replacing Tweedledum by Tweedledee, are more effective than scrapping the lot for something better. But is there anything better? I am one of those who believe there is. I believe there exists in every nation an aristocracy of courageous and capable men, who must be found and persuaded to undertake the task of government. And if there is only *one* such man, let him undertake

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it. That is vastly better than the government of elected or self-appointed nincompoops. History points to the recurrent breakdown of all democratic governments and to the invariable resort to the man of destiny as a cure. But the cure is not permanent, because men of destiny die and must be replaced. And a thousand capable heads are better than one. The problem is: how to find them. And to that question I answer: I am unable to do so. But one thing I am sure of. No conglomeration of human beings will ever discover them by the hocus-pocus of the vote.

"The standard of life and thought among the people must be improved." "Thrift and enterprise" must be encouraged. We must increase in the young "a love of those ideals which alone make life happy or noble." Precisely. And the way to do it is by setting every citizen on his own feet, not by slipping him periodical *pourboires*. What he needs is high wages and an interest in production. And as long as there are several men competing for his job, he will never get them, even though the government subsidize him in perpetuity.

Is this now sufficiently clear? I hope so. There is only one word to add. As a young man, I was an ardent believer in democracy, and even in the Socialistic delusion. But it is many years since I was cured. The human race has not yet reached the stage at which it can govern itself, and it will not do so for hundreds of thousands of years to come, if ever. It must by hook or crook and at all costs find superior men to govern it, justly and well. And these men must be *obeyed*.

I am, etc.,

H. O. MURRILL.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1926

Current Comments

DURING the month of July very considerable progress was made toward a termination of the dead-lock. After much foolish and dangerous postponement of the Coal Mines Bill, which renders it legal to work longer hours in the pits, it at length received the Royal assent on July 8, and a settlement of the dispute became possible. If the Seven Hours Act had remained in force, such a settlement could never have been reached, because in at least one important district the wages which could be paid on a seven-hour basis would have been so miserably small that the colliery owners refused even to put them forward in the form of an offer to the men. Now that the Government has at last relieved the industry of the intolerable burden of the Seven Hours Act, the owners have been able to make very attractive offers to the miners, except in one or two districts, which depend upon overseas markets and are unable to pay more than the 1921 minimum wage. But it should be borne in mind that the 1921 wage was fixed at a time when the cost of living was very much higher than it is at present. So the standard of living of the miners, taking into consideration the longer hours of work, will be, on the whole, more satisfactory if the present offers are accepted than it was in the period 1921 to 1924. Though the offers in question are binding upon the owners only for a period of a few months, there is every reason to hope that the development of the industry will render it possible to continue the proposed rates of wages for a much longer period.

The Crisis in the Coal-Mining Industry

FROM the very beginning of the present trouble it was evident that the Executive of the Miners' Federation had deceived their followers by promising a subsidy at the expense of the workers in all other industries. The most urgent matter, therefore, was to make it perfectly plain that no subsidy would be granted. Unfortunately, however, the Government failed to make the miners understand

Unreasonable Delays

that they would refuse to be blackmailed in this respect. Again and again during May and June some apparent weakening of the Cabinet, some delay in pushing forward the Coal Mines Bill, or some foolish scheme of settlement, promulgated by ignorant busybodies, enabled Messrs. Smith and Cook to raise the fiery cross once more in the mining districts and to shout their slogan of "Herbert will get it out of Baldwin!" Hence it became necessary that the Prime Minister should show clearly that he was determined never to repeat the fatal folly of the subsidy. The simplest and most effective way of doing this was obviously to proceed at once with the Eight Hours Bill, and then to leave the coal industry to settle its own business. Yet it was only by constant pressure, and after heart-breaking delays, that the Government was at last persuaded to place this long overdue reform on the Statute Book. When this was done, the consternation of the Miners' Federation became ludicrously obvious. Those who had so long misled the unfortunate miners understood that their game was up, and that sooner or later retribution would overtake them.

The Coal Commission's Report

MANY people appear to think that the troubles of the coal-mining industry would quickly disappear if the recommendations for reconstruction contained in the Report were carried into effect. But such persons cannot surely have read those proposals. For the latter, if put into force, could not possibly have any appreciable effect upon the difficulties of the industry. The Commissioners themselves state plainly that the trouble arises from the fact that "the costs of production with the present hours and wages are greater than the industry can bear," which, by the way, is exactly what the colliery owners told the Government a year ago. Having paid £25,000,000 in order that men who knew nothing about the industry could confirm an opinion given gratis already by men who knew everything about it, the nation is now presumably to turn down the advice of the latter in order to carry out a number of vague and experimental suggestions of the former—suggestions which in no way meet the real difficulty, insomuch as they do not attempt to deal with the question of reducing the costs of production.

Episcopal Futility

PRIESTS rush in where Premiers fear to tread. The miscellaneous bundle of Bishops, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Evangelicals, calling themselves The Churches, but without any mandate or authority from any body but themselves, appeared confident that they could settle a trade dispute which has defied the Trades Union Congress, the Cabinet, and the Royal Commissioners. Their panacea was a new subsidy and that blessed word, reorganization. Mr. Lloyd George, who becomes more discredited and ridiculous every day, hailed with rapture the intervention of the Churches of Christ, and exclaimed: "I wish to God they had interfered in 1914!" This from a member of the Cabinet who declared war upon Germany is pretty cool. Just when some streaks of daylight could be discerned, when the public were beginning to realize that the miners are very well off as compared with workers in other trades, when the Government had at last decided to govern, and when the slow but sure drift back to the pits had begun, this impudent piece of self-advertisement on the part of the Industrial Christian Fellowship merely resulted in a further postponement of peace. This association devotes itself to the propagation of materialism in the Christian Churches, being composed of those who are of opinion that it is more blessed to receive than to give. Their anti-Christian creed is speciously cloaked in the actual words of the manifesto in which they assert their "belief that the moral and spiritual welfare of the people demands that the best possible standard of living should everywhere be maintained." As this is the creed of the Socialists, the latter find the I.C.F. useful for the furtherance of their ambitions, and flatter these foolish clerics while laughing in their sleeves. But no one else ever took much notice of them until a serious national crisis gave them the opportunity of putting forward proposals for settling the coal strike. These proposals, evidently the work of men who had not even taken the trouble to investigate the matter, were too absurd to deserve serious attention. Mr. Baldwin refused point-blank to consider a second subsidy, and observed, with justice, that the settlement of the coal dispute was not in the power of the Government, but in the hands of miners and owners. But while there was general approval of Mr. Baldwin's crushing retort to the I.C.F.,

many people realized that a grave blow had been struck by these injudicious busybodies at the respect with which the nation had hitherto regarded the leaders of religion.

France

We expressed regret last month that M. Caillaux had allowed his personal feelings to stand in the way of co-operation with M. Poincaré, a combination which, with M. Briand as Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs, might have weathered the storm which has since wrecked two ministries. The overthrow of the Briand-Caillaux Ministry by that egregious simpleton M. Herriot, followed by the latter's formation of a government of his notoriously incompetent Radical and Socialist adherents, naturally produced a panic during which the franc touched 250. Nervous people rushed to buy stocks of food, and the words "revolution" and "dictatorship" were in every mouth. M. Herriot claims that his theatrical *coup* was made to save France. He has perhaps rendered his country a greater service than he knew, since it has long since been evident that the only real danger to France was the debased system of Parliamentary government, dragged ever lower in morale, efficiency, and public respect by the fatuous and motley groups of Radical, Socialist, and Communist politicians whom he pretended to lead. His short-lived threat to subject France in her moment of crisis to the rule of this absurd crew was enough to produce such a violent reaction that it is unlikely to be repeated before, at least, a general election has afforded a chance of purging Parliament. M. Herriot's position so closely resembles that of his friend and admirer, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, that, if English people would learn from the political experience of foreign countries, it provides a lesson that should sink deeply into their minds. For it is no exaggeration to say that M. Herriot so nearly wrecked parliamentary government in France that, had M. Poincaré failed, but one chance remained of avoiding a military dictatorship as the only alternative to anarchy and chaos. That chance, despite his age, was M. Clemenceau, and he, had he consented to take it, would certainly have established a virtual dictatorship.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Readers of M. Poincaré's article on "The Parliamentary Regime in France" in the ENGLISH REVIEW for March will not need to be reminded that he is a firm believer in the Constitution, and there can be no doubt that he will make a determined and probably a successful effort to govern within its prescribed code. But in that article he clearly expressed the view that the recent developments of Parliamentarianism in France had so weakened and undermined the administration as to render stable and efficient government impossible. Although, therefore, our Fabian intellectuals are sure to bleat about his reactionary tendencies, it is safe to predict that these will show themselves only in the direction of reversion to the pure doctrine of democratic government as enshrined in the French Constitution, to a regime which may endure away from one which has already collapsed. He will, in fact, make a noble, and perhaps a final, effort to save democracy from itself.

The Entente

At the very moment when M. Herriot, like a comic opera Samson, was engaged in pulling down the pillars of his country's Constitution and was ignominiously left on his back amongst the debris while the temple still stood, English friends of France were honouring in London General Gouraud, the Military Governor of Paris. One of the most brilliant of the many French soldiers who won the respect and affection of the British Armies, General Gouraud is the embodiment of the spirit of authority in France. He came to London as the guest of the Anglo-French Luncheon Club, founded at the beginning of this year to welcome distinguished French men and women. His reception on July 17, presided over by Sir Edmund Gosse, was attended by many of his old comrades in arms. His simple but supremely eloquent appeal for the perpetuation of the friendship begun with the founding of the Entente by King Edward and cemented by the war, found a response as sincere and warm as the comradeship of the battlefields.

Certain newspapers here delight in maliciously reproducing some foolish anti-English remarks from obscure or Socialist journals in Paris as typical of the "French Press"—although they no more represent responsible

French opinion than the "Daily Herald" or the "Workers' Weekly" can be said to reflect English views. Interchange of visits such as that of General Gouraud, will go far to counteract these pernicious influences, and as they are widely reported in the Press of both countries their effect extends far beyond those who take part in them. General Gouraud before his return was received by His Majesty the King and the Prince of Wales. Like other distinguished guests of this Club, he must have carried away with him the impression that, if the Entente does not always appear to be in full blossom, its roots have struck deep into English hearts.

Lord Byng in Canada

MR. MACKENZIE KING may have been a clever leader, but he is clearly a bad loser. He came into office after the general election of December, 1921, the leader of a party which, although the largest in the House of Commons at Ottawa, was still in a definite minority. Conservative critics had harsh things to say about the Governor-General for allowing the leader of a minority to assume the reins of office. But Mr. King carried on, and with a considerable amount of tactical skill he walked the tight-rope for five years, holding a precarious balance with the *habitants* of Quebec (Conservative in all save political label) on the one hand, and the "ginger group"—the wild men of Winnipeg—on the other. Often the Prime Minister appeared to be tottering; often in a desperate effort to regain his balance he had to assume some quaint political contortions. But if the unstable support of the Progressives was a continued source of anxiety, it is common knowledge that throughout his reign he had one very good friend and counsellor—the Governor-General himself. Then came the elections of last October. Mr. King lost his seat; no fewer than nine of his Ministers followed him into the outer darkness. Nevertheless, it was the Liberal Party that, once more, was entrusted with the task of carrying on the business of the country, and amid a storm of criticism, Mr. King (who found a short cut back to Ottawa through the great open spaces of Saskatchewan) once again donned the somewhat shrunken mantle of Laurier. The House met; the same feats of balancing were demanded of the Prime Minister, and then at last he fell,

and the Liberals were defeated on a decisive vote in the House.

A Choice of Evils

NATURALLY Mr. King rushed to the Governor-General with a hasty plea for a dissolution. What was Lord Byng to do? Only those who went through the bitter and tedious election campaign of last October will realize how heartily sick the Dominion grew of the long-drawn interruption to its day's work. Clearly, if it were possible to avoid another barrage of party politics at the hustings, it was Lord Byng's duty to do so. On the other hand, the accession of the Conservatives to power only meant another display of tight-rope walking, with Mr. Meighen as the unfortunate performer to take the place of Mr. King, who, for the time being, had retired to the wings. In all the circumstances, Lord Byng was clearly justified in giving Mr. Meighen the chance to succeed where Mr. King had failed, and whatever the Constitutional lawyers have to say about it, the average Canadian has no doubt that Mr. King got "a fair deal." At all events, the late Prime Minister's sour attack on an honest and plainly impartial umpire will not gain him many supporters, and the talk of "military proconsuls reducing Canada to the level of a Crown Colony" would be written off as sheer nonsense if it were not so essentially mischievous.

What of October?

THE ultimate issue has an interest extending far beyond the borders of the Dominion. Apparently the elections are set down for the third week in September. How is this going to give a Canadian Prime Minister (whoever he may be) the chance to get home to the at present rather nebulous Imperial Conference that the powers that be have "wished on us" in October? A conference without Canada would be a sham, for the Dominion is the leader in the movement towards a wider recognition of dominion status that finds so sympathetic an echo in South Africa and the Irish Free State. Moreover, Canadian statesmen are too fond already of disclaiming responsibility for decisions in which they were not consulted, and it is easy to foresee the polite disclaimer they would issue as to all activities of an Imperial Conference at which they were not represented.

It is not too much to suggest that the Canadian crisis may supply the excuse for postponing a conference about which nobody—either at home or oversea—has ever been particularly enthusiastic.

Germany and the League

SINCE Germany's application for membership of the League will now come before the assembly on September 7, it is rather disconcerting to learn from Sir Austen Chamberlain that the position of Germany as regards disarmament is not satisfactory. Evidently, the progress made in fulfilment of the requirements of the Ambassadors' Conference, which had been satisfactory in March, has not been maintained. Apart from reported discoveries of ferro-concrete constructions at Koenigsberg and details of this kind, it seems that the Allied Governments are not satisfied regarding the existence of illegal "cadres" for the Reichswehr and the relations of the latter to patriotic and gymnastic associations. But the details are really of less importance than the general spirit. Nobody in Germany considers the existence of a small professional army on a long-term basis satisfactory. If the Nationalists hate restrictions put upon the training of a "nation in arms," the Radicals dislike the professional system and desire to see established a defence-force on the lines of the Swiss militia. They forget that a system which presents no threat to anybody in the case of a small country with rigidly non-aggressive traditions and necessities such as Switzerland would bear a very different aspect in the case of Germany where it could, and inevitably would, be expanded to force universal military training upon the whole manhood of the nation. On the other hand, the only people who can possibly be surprised at German evasions are those incurable optimists who still believe that a people numbering more than sixty millions can be perpetually prevented from expressing their vitality and their ambitions in the ways that come naturally to them. In the meantime, the hope seems to be entertained that if the difficulties can be adjusted for the time being and Germany's "state of grace" restored, membership of the League and of the Council may bring about an atmosphere in which German failure to comply in certain details with the

letter of her undertakings regarding disarmament may become of small significance compared with her willingness to co-operate generally with the other signatories of the Locarno pacts. It requires a good deal of optimism to expect such a soothing development at an early date, for it is evident in many directions, political, commercial, and diplomatic, that the Reich is rapidly recovering a characteristically demonstrative self-confidence.

Italian Imperialism

It is a pity that more English people should not learn at first hand what really are the conditions prevailing in Italy under the Fascist Government; for a certain type of political theorists in this country persistently denies the improvements in the life of the country which Fascism has brought about, because, according to their theories of state-craft, Italians ought to present the aspect of browbeaten victims of a detestable tyranny. But even if the domestic advantages cannot be denied, the theorists denounce the dangers of the Mussolini dictatorship to the peace of Europe. It is true that some of the earlier speeches gave rise to certain anxieties, less on account of their actual content than because it was thought that Signor Mussolini would find himself obliged to use continually stronger terms until finally the enthusiasm of his followers might force some dangerously dramatic "gesture." Of late, however, it has become evident that he has a better control of the situation than some pessimists feared, and his real aspirations are now sufficiently plain. He has no intention whatever of indulging in "adventures," having much too clear an idea of what they might cost. But it is true that in any reshuffling of the Colonial situation, whether mandatory or otherwise, Italian claims would be firmly pressed. The one direction otherwise in which Italian sentiment is likely to continue to find expression concerns Italian subjects resident in parts of North Africa, where their Italianism has hitherto been unchallenged. There is, for example, no doubt of the desire of the 150,000 Italians resident in the French Protectorate of Tunisia to retain both for themselves and their children their Italian citizenship without being forced to quit the country where they have made their homes. For the same reason, Italian schools in the Protectorate are a matter of jealous interest.

But if the "povero Italiano" of the last century thus betrays under Fascism a greater self-confidence and a more evident self-respect, these civic virtues are certainly not unsympathetic to the people of Britain.

Ministerial Directorships

ABSORPTION in personalities is a foible of all democracies, as was long ago noted by Plato in "The Republic." The mean and petty imputations upon the personal honesty of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain in reference to their connection with companies only damaged the insufferable cads who made them. They did not require refutation, though they raised the question of the wisdom of adhering to Campbell Bannerman's rule, which compelled all members of Government on taking office to resign their directorships. This rule has deprived the Conservative Government of the services of Mr. Reginald Mackenna and Sir Robert Horne, and as the pressure of taxation and the cost of living increase, it must cut off the supply of middle-aged men with business experience from the Treasury Bench. For who will give up a permanent and large income for such a small and precarious one as an official salary? Of course, a Minister who retains a directorship must declare the fact to the House of Commons. A less punctual attendance at boards, with, perhaps, half fees, is an arrangement which shareholders would gladly accept, and the Government would be kept in touch with the world of finance and commerce. Unless this rule, a mere concession to Socialist clamour, is abolished, Prime Ministers will have to form their Governments out of barristers, journalists, and young people with no experience of business.

British War Claimants in France

IN his speech on the French Debt Settlement Mr. Churchill made an announcement which shows that he has awakened to the importance of restoring confidence in the British Government to those merchants and manufacturers who have acted as the outposts of British trade in France. Time was when the British trader abroad could always count on the support of his Government at home, but recent events have seriously shaken his confidence. British traders in France and Belgium who suffered by enemy action during

the War were officially informed that they must place their claims in the hands of the British Government, who would collect the money from Germany in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles. When, later, money, in payment of their and other civilian damages, began to accumulate in excess of the cost of the Army of Occupation (it now stands at over £30,000,000), they were told that they had no claim either against the British or German Governments, that H. M. Government did not act as their agent to collect money for them, but intended to use this surplus to reduce the French indebtedness to this country. Mr. Churchill has now arranged for the French Government to pay British claimants in France and states, "We have always contended that these British subjects, paying taxes as they do to France . . . should be entitled to the same compensation as is provided . . . for French nationals." Mr. Churchill's *amende* is welcome, although unaccompanied by confession of past shortcoming; but what about English firms in Belgium, who were established in a country whose neutrality in the event of a Continental war was guaranteed by the British Government? No claim has been made on the Belgian Government for the repayment of War Debts. Are British claimants in Belgium to see their compatriots in France and Germany compensated, while they are left to bear all their own losses and the money paid by Germany in respect of their claims is handed over to France?

British Air Raid and other Sufferers

In return for this arrangement with the French Government to compensate English claimants in France, Mr. Churchill has arranged to pay compensation to the French claimants in England, admitting that "French subjects, paying taxes as they do to H.M. Government, should be entitled to the same compensation as is provided for French nationals"; he could not have said the same compensation as is provided for British nationals, since H.M. Government has, so far, denied that they had any claim for compensation. Has Mr. Churchill tried to imagine the feelings of English air raid sufferers, who also pay taxes, when they see French claimants compensated by the British Government and are denied any

compensation themselves; knowing as they do that their Government has already compensated even German nationals for sequestrated property through the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal?

An Easy Remedy

We can only hope that Mr. Churchill's sense of justice will inspire him to face the inevitable and logical consequences of his action. We understand that a Memorial is being presented to Mr. Baldwin signed by local authorities representing over twenty-seven millions of the population of the United Kingdom, asking that the Government shall not treat their own people worse than they are treating French and German nationals. The present position of affairs undoubtedly requires that the Chancellor should deny all but the most urgent and necessary demands on the Treasury. These sorely tried claimants are not asking for a dole at the expense of the British taxpayer, but urge that this money, paid by Germany, belongs to them and should never have been appropriated by the Treasury. The British share of payments under the Dawes Scheme will soon rise from £9¾ millions annually to £17¾ millions, and a year later to £23¾ millions annually. We suggest that Mr. Churchill should set aside for a number of years an agreed sum out of these increased receipts from Reparations to provide a fund from which English claimants may be paid. Against this fund, an early issue of bonds could be made to claimants, who have already waited for years, so that their financial position might be re-established at the earliest possible moment without any disturbance of the present budgetary position.

It is difficult to see how Mr. Churchill, who in 1925, conceded to America 2¼ per cent. of the total Reparations payments by Germany under the Dawes Scheme in order to provide compensation for war damage to American civilians and has now secured compensation for British nationals in France from the French Government, besides undertaking to compensate French nationals in England from British Government funds, could reconcile any further denial of the claims of British civilians domiciled in England with his conscience or with the most elementary principles of justice.

Industrial Aristocracy

By Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

"Ἐὰν μή οἱ φιλόσοφοι βασιλεύσωσιν,—δυκ ἔστι κακῶν πᾶυλα τᾶις πόλεσι, δοκῶ δ'ὐδὲ τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ γένει."

In the wild rush to gain votes which has marked the decadence of democracy during the present century, party politicians have destroyed the greatest asset that any nation can have—a real Aristocracy; that is to say, a section of the people striving to observe a code of conduct higher and more exacting than that which suffices for the mob. In England the great agricultural landowners constituted our aristocracy. For, despite all their faults, they maintained the tradition that their estates were not commercial concerns whence the largest possible income was to be extracted; but rather hereditary principalities whose inhabitants were held to be the peculiar care of the landowner, and the improvement of whose land for the benefit of posterity was regarded as an especial duty. Doubtless they, like all of us, placed an exaggerated value upon their services, and it is but too evident that many of them failed to live up to the tradition of their class. But the underlying principle of aristocracy still survived among them; the land was theirs to be made more fertile, the people were theirs to be made more prosperous.

But they were few and, therefore, fit victims for the demagogue who found it an easy matter to buy votes with their property and to raise himself from poverty and obscurity to notoriety and wealth by turning upon them the ever-ready envy of the mob. Their day is over, and the agriculturist is forced to submit to the domination of the banks in matters wherein once he gave an easier obedience to the milder demands of his landlord. But their destruction is a sorry business wrought, as it was, at a time when the arrogance of their ancestors no longer hampered them, so that they and their tenants were becoming a nobler and a kindlier race of men. But demagogy has no use for such as they were; so we destroyed our only aristocracy.

Nevertheless, I see no cause to despair. For a new and greater aristocracy may well arise in industry, and may yet save England from the degradation and chaos which overtake sooner or later all nations which base their polity upon a mere counting of heads heedless of any real standard of values. Our modern industrial system has now endured for a period long enough to give to those who direct its operations a tradition of service. So that already we have in our country great mining and manufacturing concerns whose directors manifestly, though half unconsciously, have become aristocrats, regarding as principalities the businesses in which their grandfathers saw nothing but sources of ever-increasing income, and recognizing that the power to command is justified only by the will to serve those who obey. Thus may arise a true Industrial Aristocracy, cut off from the masses by its stricter code. For the teaching of the lay Socialists has made it certain that the great majority of our people will long remain immersed in the crude materialistic creed which holds that it is better to receive than to give, even if the episcopal and decanal members of the Industrial Christian Fellowship fail in their efforts to perpetuate that same doctrine of anti-Christ. When the code of the majority is thus low, it is easy indeed to frame a higher one whereon to found an aristocracy. For the mere decision to take from industry less than he might places a man at once in the higher rank, and justifies him in giving orders to those who take from industry all that they can.

The fostering of such an aristocracy and its preservation from the destructive fury of the demagogue should surely be the main purpose of Conservatism, which latter is indeed the belief, first stated clearly by Plato, that no changing of systems or organizations, whether of politics or of industry, can ever lead to real progress. For the latter arises only when those organizations, whatever be their form, are directed by men who set up for themselves a code of conduct based on a standard of values which we may for the present deem absolute. Experience has shown the falsity of the Liberal creed that progress comes from the enlightened self-interest of the many, and has driven men back upon the essential principle

of aristocracy that progress comes only from the enlightened self-sacrifice of the few. The immediate task of Conservatism in political matters is, therefore, to ensure that the fall of democracy, now imminent in all nations wherein it has not already been destroyed, shall not be followed by a dictatorship of the worst as in Russia, but rather by the rule of true aristocrats who become rulers in order that they may become servants, and are greatest because they are willing to be least. In industrial matters also there is urgent need that men should act in accord with the aristocratic principle before it is too late.

But that principle is not limited by the Platonic maxim that cities will never cease from ill until philosophers are kings. It includes the idea that if there were any who might rightly be called philosophers these would of necessity be kings. For my part I hold that this is true, and that to the degree to which those who direct politics and industry have the spirit of what Plato calls philosophy, to that degree do they possess also the power to compel obedience. The Nietzschean theory is dying, and few indeed of our generation believe that self-assertion in material affairs can produce the superman. We hold rather that he who would dominate his universe can attain the power to do so only by utter self-suppression. Nor do we lack authority, even the highest, for our creed. That the meek shall inherit the earth appears but a paradox. Yet no man, who has at any time looked below the surface of things, can deny that the course of human history has been affected far more by those whom the world deems failures than by such as gain in full measure the applause and envy of the mob. It is commonly imagined that men follow a leader because they love him. Yet is not the real truth of the matter this—that men cannot but follow a leader who loves them?

The awful failure of democracy in politics has compelled us to consider how we may best avert from our people the misery and starvation which must inevitably come upon them if they are allowed to place the control of capital at the mercy of a democratic vote. Whether we like it or not, we must face the fact that the universe is a capitalistic universe. Which is to say,

that whoever created it ordained that within its bounds you cannot get a quart out of a pint pot, nor eat your cake and still possess it. If we could shatter to bits this sorry scheme of things and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire, doubtless we would arrange matters in such a way that we could eat up all the seed corn yet still be assured of a bounteous harvest next year—which is what the Socialists believe to be possible. But, unhappily, if our people are not to starve we are compelled to give more concern to things as they are than to things as we should like them to be, but as they manifestly are not. Hence the control of capital must, for a generation at the least, remain in the hands of a few. But I have an inclination to doubt whether the control of capital need of necessity go with its possession, as heretofore. Let it be granted that such a system has, on the whole, worked fairly well and that it is both simple and convenient. Nevertheless, it is not inevitable; and for my part I cannot think that it is a matter of much moment who shall be allowed to call himself the possessor of capital, provided that the right people control it and ensure that it shall not be dissipated but steadily accumulated to meet the ever-increasing desires of the ever-increasing human race.

What all these people are for I have never been able to understand. Nor have I ever heard any more reasonable theory of the matter than that they are there to keep one another occupied and amused. Nevertheless, they are there, and they demand food, clothing, and other such things which they cannot have unless capital is carefully controlled and discipline maintained in industry. Hence some of us must continue to direct industry and to control capital. And it may be that if we do this work as aristocrats, seeking always the heaviest burden and the least reward, we shall not only learn by service to them what all these people are for, but may even by good fortune discover some reason for our own existence.

Why a Strong Second Chamber is Needed

By Mrs. Louise Stewart

How many men and women in this country realize the danger to the Constitution of the present enfeebled state of the House of Lords? When this topic is broached, people listen politely indifferent and in many cases indifferently impolite, for the subject to them merely represents a dull, unexciting hardy annual of certain political cranks.

Yet the status of the Upper House is a question which closely affects the well-being of every man, woman, and child in the kingdom.

The Parliament Act of 1911 has practically reduced the Second Chamber to a state of impotence. But as the shell of the former House remains unchanged, the unthinking fail to realize that the life inside has received a mortal wound. Before the passing of this Act the Upper House could have given the electorate a further opportunity of expressing its views by a referendum. Paradoxical though it may at first appear, the opinion of the majority of the House of Commons is not always the opinion of the majority of the electorate. A majority of M.P.'s possessing only a temporary majority in the House of Commons are able to pass any laws they please, even though these are against the will of the majority of the citizens of the country. A Socialist Government in office and in power, bullied by persistent and active extremists in its ranks, could, under the existing state of the law, replace the House of Commons by Soviets. It could set up a Republic and abolish the Monarchy; it could do away with our personal liberties and prevent our practice of religion, even though all these things are abhorrent and foreign to the great body of loyal and law-abiding citizens. Therefore, it can be seen how vitally essential it is to the maintenance of the British Constitution that there should exist a Second Chamber with powers to give

the right of eventual decision to the people by a referendum or by a General Election.

By the Parliament Act any Bill certified by the Speaker to be a Money Bill becomes law within one month of the date it leaves the House of Commons. Any Bill not a Money Bill can become law in two years, if passed by the House of Commons, irrespective of receiving the support and assent of the House of Lords.

By labelling certain measures under the heading of Finance Bills confiscation of private property could be carried through in a lightning flash. The savings of the workers—the fruits of years of hard labour, self-control, and sobriety—could be suddenly filched from them, and though the more moderate of the Socialists might be against putting such heartless, wild-cat schemes into operation, they might quite possibly be forced to do so by the extreme members of the Left-wing group in sympathy with the Communists, whose avowed policy it is to confiscate all private property.

When the Parliament Act of 1911 was passed by the Liberals, they pledged themselves to change back to a Constitution with two real Houses of Parliament. Mr. Asquith declared that the Liberal Party regarded themselves as bound, not only in honour, but by the strict letter of their pledges, "to form an effective Second Chamber," and that "the question brooked no delay." But these pledges were never carried out, so that since 1911 we have had in effect a Single Chamber Constitution. No country of any account has unicameral government. The United States of America has its Senate, and the individual States have each a Second Chamber. In Europe, with the exception of a few small countries, such as Greece, Bulgaria, Finland, Esthonia, and Jugo-Slavia, every legislature has two Chambers. France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Spain, Sweden, and Norway, all have bicameral Government. The South American Republics of Argentina and Brazil have second chambers, and in our own Dominions we find Canada, New Zealand, and the Australian Commonwealth with a Second Chamber, while in the latter Dominion five of its States also enjoy this form of Government. The Union of South Africa has its Senate.

A STRONG SECOND CHAMBER

In a busy, congested session Bills are frequently hurried through the House of Commons with many of their clauses inadequately discussed, and afterwards contradictions and inconsistencies appear. Such measures have an opportunity of being thoroughly considered and perfected in a Second Chamber.

The one-chamber system has been tried before in this country, with disastrous results, under the Long Parliament, when the despotic use of power had to be put an end to by force of arms. To-day we have again a practically uncontrolled Cabinet. There are times when the Upper House reflects more accurately the real feeling of the electorate than does the House of Commons. The House of Lords should again have the power to protect the people against themselves and to retard the passing of ill-digested legislation. It ought to have the right to protect the electorate from the activities of the representatives they have sent to the House of Commons, when these representatives go beyond the terms of their commission.

As Lord Salisbury so ably put it: "This House does not oppose the maturely-formed and deliberate will of the people, but it is bound to use its constitutional powers to ascertain beyond a doubt whether the House of Commons does or does not represent the full, deliberate, and sustained convictions of the body of the nation."

The Crisis of Kemalism

By Oriens

A LITTLE group of men at Angora governs Turkey under the shadow of the prestige of Kemal Ghazi Pasha, and when they placed in the dock at Smyrna the presumed instigators of the murder-plot against him, they hoped to get rid at one blow of the leaders of the steadily growing opposition. That opposition is four-sided. It includes, first, the personal enemies of Kemal and his adherents; second, the clericals and reactionaries who see in the Kemalists the enemies of Islamic law and tradition, and who supply martyrs to the fez; third, the ex-members of the old Committee of Union and Progress, self-dissolved after the armistice, though their members are still united by a sort of retrospective freemasonry; and, fourth, the Progressives. These last are those of Kemal's intimates who broke away in 1923 and 1924 because they differed about the progress of the revolution, and sought to form a constitutional opposition.

The four sections are inextricably mingled, and it is possible for a man to belong to all four, though they represent three distinct tendencies—the blood-feud, the policy of rebellion, and the *coup d'état*, and a parliamentary and national opposition more or less on the western model. It is significant of the temper of the Angora Government that they made no distinction between the three, but regarded any sort of opposition as a form of *lèse-majesté*, and even *lèse-patrie*, the subtler as it clung the more to constitutional form.

The Progressives were the real target of the prosecution. Their importance lay in the fact that they represented an alternative government. Their position was admirably stated in their defence. They were sincere republicans and Westernisers, but they differed from the President on method; they suspected him of Cæsarism, and they justly condemned his rule as a dictatorship. They found proof of his intention to realize a personal rule in his refusal to tolerate as equal confederates the men who shared with him the confidence won in the war, and in his reliance on men whose best qualification was keener personal devotion—the "parasites," as the veteran

Kara Bekir called them, though many of them were men of conviction as well as ability representing the Jacobin aspect of the republican movement. The Progressive quarrel with the government was on purely internal policies. On questions involving the safety of the republic—foreign aggression or reactionary rebellion—they stood by Kemal publicly and wholeheartedly; but that could not save them from the vindictiveness of a ruling clique whose head was convinced that disagreement with him was equivalent to treason. Their organization was proclaimed illegal, but, as they believed that they represented the true course between reaction and ultra-radicalism, their agitation continued and became the rallying point for all the critics of the repressive regime ordained by Angora.

It was easy, therefore, having secured definite evidence of a conspiracy, for a *coup d'état* to follow the accomplishment of a vendetta, to ascribe complicity to the entire opposition. It was less easy to prove it, though Ali Bey, the president of the Kemalist counterpart of the Che-ka, the Tribunal of Independence, did his best by liberally interpreting the rôle of a judge. He succeeded only in convicting the self-confessed conspirators and in supplying the Progressives with a platform far superior to that once afforded by their now suppressed newspapers.

At Angora it was soon realized that the scheme of discrediting and crushing the opposition had failed. The public clamoured for justice on the would-be assassins, but once the trial ceased to be an ordinary murder trial, and became an attempt on the part of one set of politicians to get rid of another set, unanimity of indignation ceased, and sympathy and support for the Progressive leaders became overwhelming. Kemal himself and his immediate supporters — Kara Bekir's "parasites" — though some equate them to the "rases" of Fascism, were prepared to see the business through, especially the "rases." They, having severed the president from his old comrades in arms, lived in perpetual fear of a crisis, forcing a reunion to their detriment. Their attitude was not without influence on the Mosul negotiations, and they might have persuaded Kemal to indulge in universal hangings, had it not been for two unforeseen incidents.

The first was the vigorous intervention of Ismet Pasha, the premier, the shrewdest and sharpest-tongued politician of Turkey, and a devoted adherent of the Ghazi. He had never approved of the prosecution of the Progressive leaders, and saw clearly the repercussions of its unexpected result. The other was the news from the Eastern frontier—the danger-zone of disaffection—that the Fourth Army Corps did not intend to let its old commander be cut down by a palace conspiracy, and that, if the vindictiveness of interested politicians were to be given free rein, Kemal would be faced with a military revolt. Whatever his partiality towards Cæsarism, the Ghazi knows well that he holds his power in the last instance through the loyalty to his person of the army and its leaders, some of whom already find themselves suspect as a result of the clever revelations of the accused. This first rumbling of mutiny was an unexpected ally to Ismet, with the result that, in spite of the Jacobins and Ali Bey, the prosecutor asked for the acquittal of the very men to destroy whom the prosecution was started.

At present the Jacobin element seems to have been baffled, though the trial—this time at Angora, and not in the Alhambra picture-house of "the infidel city"—of the C.U.P. members of the conspiracy is hoped to produce such evidence as even yet will implicate the Progressive leaders. But Ismet's task is scarcely rendered easier. It is possible that he would go so far as to recommend the admission on the part of the head of the State that the arrival to power by popular mandate of a constitutional opposition was not the ruin of republican and secularized Turkey, but a normal democratic phenomenon. Against him he has the "rases" and, what is more serious, the narrow logic of Kemal himself.

To Turkey Kemal is the man of destiny, and his conviction of the identity of himself and the republic is shared by nearly all his supporters and large sections of his opponents. He has become a symbol rather than a man. In those underground regions where scandal breeds the opposition have replaced the legend of a chivalrous champion of national and civil liberty by that of a suspicious and cruel tyrant, and under that dual

aspect he still seems, particularly to the West, to incarnate the new Turkey. Loyalty to the symbol has become a test of political probity to such an extent that, if the process develops, in the end a naked despotism will confront a terrorist society, and progress will be brought to a dead halt.

To the fanatics such a development appears logical, and even desirable, and it is largely a question of how far and to which side a few of them will sway the nation, especially the peasant. He, though devoted to Kemal, is beginning to chafe under certain of the methods introduced in defence of Kemalism.

Here lies the danger to the regime. To the mass of the nation the alternative to Kemalism is either Sultanism or anarchy; an intensification of the present dictatorship might end in a preference for either. It is this which the Jacobins regard as their best security, but which makes the saner elements realize the need for a constitutional opposition. But, being constitutional, it will not make the removal of the present president its first act. Now that the Progressives have been in peril of their lives their extremist elements have been strengthened, and the task of the party of conciliation, which really includes the best brains in Turkey, is extremely difficult. A united Turkey is essential, not merely for the safety of the republic, but also to realize the most elementary progress. The Smyrna trial has definitely served the cause of disunion. It is possible that this is realized, but it is difficult to admit error and reverse policies. Yet such a course is the essential preliminary to a union of any real sort, and not a union secured by elimination of all opponents. The dilemma—democracy or dictatorship—is difficult to resolve, but a solution—either by force or by compromise—must be found. Both sides—apart from the fanatics—are anxious to find it, and the temptation to do so by provoking foreign complications cannot fail to be great. A prominent Turkish statesman is credited with the remark that a foreign attack on the republic would be a godsend, for it would wipe out the past at a blow and render a subsequent union natural and complete. That is an aspect of the post-Smyrna situation which is giving Western statesmen some food for thought.

"The Clydesiders"

By James Johnston

GROUPS of members formed to carry out some special purpose are not a new feature of the House of Commons. The Fourth Party in the 'eighties, which made itself a thorn both in Mr. Gladstone's side and in that of its own political leaders, is the most famous example of such a group. Nor is the House unfamiliar with large bodies of men, one of whose bonds of union is geographical. The Irish Nationalist Party was such a body, and as long as Parliament and parliamentary history last, the effect of its presence will be seen in the procedure of the House of Commons.

A small group, however, like the Clydesiders, whose members all come from the same district, is an entirely new feature. The nearest approach to it is the Ulster Group, but the area from which it draws its members is larger than the Clydesiders' area, and the new group has some special features of its own. One of these is the closeness of the comradeship between its members, and another is the deep-rooted communion of opinion which characterizes them. They are not banded together because of their agreement upon one isolated political topic; their bond is a transforming principle which they seek to apply to the whole range of life. They regard this principle as a solvent of all social evils, and their belief in it is of that kind which refuses compromise and spurns suggestions of delay. Hence come their fanaticism and their reputation for "wildness." In most of them fanaticism has bred a fierce temper. The majority of them have an exceptionally irritable nerve somewhere in their brain, the slightest touch on which sets free a current of uncontrolled force, which goes on operating till the point of natural exhaustion is reached. While it is displaying its dynamic, the Clydesider, under its tyrannous rule fumes, shouts, gesticulates, all in the most ungovernable menagerie manner. Sometimes three or four

will be performing in this strange way at the same time, and then pandemonium reigns. The brainstorm generally passes as quickly as it arose, and the Clydesiders recover their native calm, but these recurring attacks have earned them much of their reputation for "wildness."

Some descriptions of them might lead people to think that they were rank barbarians, whereas they can lay claim to a large measure of culture. One of them, Mr. Campbell Stephen, possesses more earned degrees than any other member of the House, in divinity, in science, and in the subjects of general culture. In his case the problem which disturbed the villagers of Goldsmith's Auburn is less acute, so large and almost over-toppling is his head. Another, Mr. Maxton, is also a university man, and is credited with a perfect mastery of one of the severest and most repellent books in the world, Marx's "Kapital." Even Mr. Kirkwood, who has some resemblance to the unspoilt barbarian, is steeped in Burns, and can quote him by the yard. Mr. Wheatley, who, in spite of Ministerial rank, is pre-eminently a Clydesider, and his other Glasgow colleague, Mr. Stewart, who served in the Labour Government, though they are plain business men, have a faculty of speech which at once gives them a place among educated men; the latter can rise into something like eloquence by the mere motion of the zeal within him. He is an outsider of the group, and is the only member of it with the moderate Front Bench mind.

The most picturesque member of the group is Mr. Kirkwood. He is a new style of man in the House. Nature has shaped him in a suitable physical fashion for the rôle which his mental qualities have prescribed for him. He is tall, finely-built, and has the free stride and splendid carriage of a bold, independent mountaineer. His gestures are marvellously varied and extremely dramatic, and his attitudes are more remarkable even than his gestures. Few men in the House cut attitudes; Mr. Kirkwood revels in them. He uses all his body to express his feelings. One moment he towers up in the air, and the next he is crouching to the ground, like a great beast ready to spring. He claims a wider space for his movements than other members, and paces

up and down, as he speaks, with tigerlike impatience. His voice is strong; his accent is broad, but not unpleasant; his pronunciation is Doric, and often he falls into the Scottish dialect. In one vocal matter he is undoubtedly unique; he has a superb mastery over the letter "r." Englishmen slur it, Scotsmen generally sound it vigorously, and sometimes give it a peculiar and unnatural turn. He dotes upon it, approaches it with respect, and prepares to do justice to its merits, then twirls it till the air resounds with it. Sir Harry Lauder is justly proud of his clear-sounding "r," but Mr. Kirkwood surpasses him. Sometimes one feels that that "r" of his must be a palpable thing, travelling in the air.

Mr. Kirkwood has passed through three stages: when he appeared first in the House, he created diversion, and was regarded as a kind of comic entertainer. One of his early speeches was the most amazing thing that the House had ever heard.

It was an imaginary itinerary of the British Empire with Mr. Kirkwood as guide—and an extraordinary guide he was, with a picturesqueness which was quite extravagant and ridiculous. The House laughed and wondered as it had probably never done before. For some time afterwards Mr. Kirkwood continued to provide this kind of farce, and his mingling of unconscious humour and burning passion excited amusement. Some busy politicians with a keen sense of the ludicrous never missed a chance of hearing him. Then he began to pall upon the House; the novelty of his performance had worn off, and the frequent repetition of phrases, quotations, and tricks of speech, threatened to reduce him to the most degraded category of parliamentarian—a bore. But an attack upon his own leaders during the reign of the Labour Government gave the House an unexpected impression of power. This impression was confirmed and extended by two later speeches, the one opposing the vote for the Prince of Wales's last tour, and the other delivered recently attacking Lord Weir. The latter of these was a breach of decorum, and it was in some ways laughable, but its dramatic intensity and its suggestion of devouring sincerity made it impressive. Invective is not a specially high form of speech, and it can easily degenerate into abuse.

Mr. Kirkwood has a certain mastery of this part of the speaking art, but crudeness detracts from his skill. Sometimes he approaches very near to the shrillness of the stairhead scold, but something in him—a real touch of dignity—prevents him from sinking to that level.

One thing shines out in all his speeches, though it is expressed in a form of words which provokes merriment, his passionate love of Scotland and his idolatry of the Scottish working classes. He flaunts the superiority of Scotland and Scots people in the English faces, and shows a pride of race which is as contemptuous as it is passionate. There is nothing of the citizen of the world about him. Scotland is his world, and to him his own town of Clydebank is the most important place in Scotland. He loves to talk about the Scottish working people as "my people." He rolls out the regal phrase with tremendous gusto; it is the way he has of making it clear that they are literally part of himself.

He is as sturdy a hater as he is an ardent lover. He vituperates against the "parasitic classes" as he considers them to be, but his hatred is free from gall; it is noisy, boisterous, and frank. He is something of a terror; he is not a silent or peaceable listener. He bursts out at intervals into stormy interruptions, and turns the House in a moment into a cauldron of confusion, and at times he loses control of himself. No one quite knows how far he will go when he is in that volcanic mood, and a delicately firm but not a violent hand is required to restrain him. Only Mr. Lloyd George knows how to handle him so as to render him docile and harmless. He hates Mr. George, and has never forgotten or forgiven his treatment of him during the war, when he deported him from the Clyde. But the suavity and the playfulness of Mr. George seem to mesmerize him.

Needless to say, he is not a debater. He is really an "invectivist," if the word may be invented, and might be called a "pleader," but never an arguer. His natural rôle is that of Boanerges. He is an exceptionally good example of one type of the Scottish peasantry, which has a natural genius for railing, but whose bark is worse than its bite. Those who have learned to understand it assess its denunciations at their proper value, and perceive

its underlying warmth of heart. Because he belongs to this type he has made in the House the most unexpected and apparently unnatural friendships.

Of all the Clydesiders Mr. Maxton is the most interesting. Outwardly he is more picturesque than Mr. Kirkwood, and he alone is physically true to the conventional revolutionary type. His lean, intensely pale face, his ebony hair, his spare but energetic figure, and his strange eyes, all combine to give him an arresting and even a sinister appearance. He has a trick, too, of wearing his hair which completes the revolutionary suggestion. At intervals he lets it down over his right ear, so that it hangs over his cheek like a curtain, and when he does so he becomes striking-looking, but excessively repellent. He then looks the fanatic to perfection, and imagination has little difficulty in picturing him as the president of a revolutionary tribunal dealing out stern retribution to all kinds of capitalist tyrants. Like all the Clydesiders, he can suddenly flare up, and he can make passionate speeches. But the supremely interesting thing about him is that the revolutionary is a cynic, a humorist, and a master of ironic trifling. He can entertain the House as few men can do—not to broad farcical humour, but to delicate, subtle wit, and he does it with an ease and an apparent spontaneity which increase the charm. He has discovered the effect which this gift of his produces on the House, and he takes intense pleasure in tickling the palates of the Conservatives, and making them laugh. The fiery enemy of capitalism is pleased to become a purveyor of amusement to the capitalists.

He has unfailing ingenuity, can weave delicate fabrics of speech when on his feet, has an endless fluency, and a good knowledge of the rules of the House. He is thus perfectly equipped for the rôle of an obstructor, and if the Labour Party ever seriously sets itself to develop into an obstructive force he would inevitably be the director of all its blocking enterprises. He alone has the fertility of device and the pliancy of mind which make it easy to speak a long time without saying much, and without falling under the rule of the House against repetition. He might conceivably equal or even surpass some of Mr. Healy's famous exploits in this direction.

A recent comer to the House who plays the part of a critic of Parliament has described Mr. Maxton as the greatest natural orator in the House. Few people, however, would accept this description, which is grossly extravagant and inaccurate. Of those qualities of majesty and inspiration which are indispensable to a speaker's title to the name of orator he is quite destitute: subtlety, logical skill, wit, persuasiveness, he has in large measure. He is a debater, but not a mere arid logician. He is winning, after his own fashion—a persuasive advocate rather than a dogmatist or a demagogue. He has one source of charm which few members utilize—the extempore character of his speaking. Unlike most of them, he is not a provider of set speeches. As he speaks, one can see him groping his way and chasing the sudden new thoughts which flit across his mind. He exhibits to his hearers, not the finished product of a process, but the process itself. The process is not toilsome, and its product has a facile grace about it, instead of the ragged aspect which extempore speeches often have.

Mr. Wheatley belongs to a different order. He has none of the outward picturesqueness of a revolutionary. He is square and thickset, and his face has no indication of intellect. Only the finely-shaped head suggests a man of mental distinction. He has a special reputation for revolutionary zeal, but he is never—or, at any rate, rarely—"wild" in the sense of being demonstrative or turbulent. His speaking, too, is passionless. His gestures are not demagogic, neither is his voice, indeed he has scarcely any gestures at all, and his voice is exceptionally even. His language is generally colourless; certainly he is no mob orator. He flows on as a very fluent professor might do, with a copiousness of words which never fails, and with an argumentative persistence which refuses to let an opponent go.

There runs through the argumentation a vein of bitterness and, indeed, of hatred. The hate is cold and calculating; it has almost a frozen quality. It reminds one of Mr. Healy, but Mr. Wheatley cannot lacerate as Mr. Healy did, and he has none of his grim humour. He never could inspire to a crusade, but he might prick a grieved and suffering people into sullen revolt.

His pre-eminent gift is the debating one, and for a time he promised to gain a real lordship in debate. He could impress even ripe masters of the art like Lord Oxford, and cast a spell over them. They were astonished that a Glasgow business man, newly come to the House, should be such a skilful practitioner of their own art. Occasionally he softened his bitterness by an infusion of pity—pity for people huddled in misery in the great cities—and the "sob stuff" was effective. He would be a debating machine rather than a personality, if it were not for his dominating hatred of capitalism, which fuses all his qualities of mind into a whole. It is hard to predict his Parliamentary future; for the moment, at least, he has lost his spell, and he knows that he has, but he may recover it.

A sketch of the Clydesiders would be incomplete without another picture. Mr. Tom Johnston is not so much associated with the group as these others, but he certainly belongs to it, and his ideas are essentially Clydeside. He is, however, almost free from "wildness," and does not indulge in noise or tumult.

He is a university man, and in his capacity as editor of *Forward* is the intellectual spokesman of extreme Labour in Scotland. Although he is an intellectual, he does not delight in abstract discourses, but prefers to build up concrete cases with a lawyer-like love of documentation. He is a storehouse of facts, a devourer of blue books, and of other kinds of forbidding literature. The facts which he accumulates with patient labour he marshals with the order and precision of a logician, and out of what in other hands might be a mass of undigested matter an orderly argument emerges.

He has a dry voice and an unadorned, rather careless, style, and on most occasions he owes his success entirely to the severer qualities of mind; but behind the apparatus of the investigator and the debater there is a moral fervour, and sometimes it suffuses the harder qualities and lifts him into the higher region of speech, in which the impression is made, not by argument and knowledge, but by intensity of conviction, by force, and by moral appeal. Once in a temperance debate he rose above himself, and produced a marked oratorical effect. Like

many other Parliamentarians, he is not complete. If his voice and manner were adequate to his mind, his power as a debater would give him a commanding place, but, unfortunately, his speeches present a ragged appearance.

These are more or less full-length portraits, but the description of the Clydesiders would be imperfect without miniatures of the others. Mr. Campbell Stephen has a lazy style of speech, which harmonizes with his bulky figure. His weight of academic degrees seems to oppress him, for he never contributes to the illumination of a subject, but contents himself with drawling out platitudes. He is lively only when a storm is brewing, and whatever else he is he is not a peacemaker. The fieriest spirit of all is Mr. George Buchanan. In spite of his name, which is that of one of Scotland's greatest scholars, he is the least cultured of them all. He loses control of himself more quickly than the others, and he has a rawness of temper and a coarseness of expression which offend. Often one is tempted to class him as a mere political "corner boy." Such a classification, however, would not be entirely accurate. He is noisy, self-assertive, and self-confident in an exaggerated degree, but he is transparently sincere, and this sincerity at times gives his speaking a quite unexpected touch of power and impressiveness. On one occasion, when luck provided him with a full and eager House for audience, he gripped it in a rugged manly way, which visibly impressed Mr. Baldwin. In spite of his rude boisterousness, he can be quite engagingly childlike and confiding. In his early days as a Member his appeal for guidance won the Speaker, who displayed an almost parental solicitude towards him.

Mr. Neil McLean is a typical Highlander, painfully sensitive to insults, real and imaginary, and extraordinarily prone to lose his temper. He has toiled hard to make himself an efficient Parliamentarian, and he is proud of his knowledge of the rules of the House, but his knowledge never enables him to hit upon a substantial point of order. He prides himself, too, upon his facility in repartee, but he seldom scores. He has a fluency and a kind of pungency which probably impress the casual listener, but there is little substance in his speeches, and he never impresses the House. Lastly, there is

Mr. George Hardie, brother of the famous Keir Hardie, whose contributions to debate are usually made in discussions which give him the opportunity of exhibiting his scientific knowledge. He worships "technique," rather despises those who do not possess it, and resents the suggestion that he and his friends lack it. He certainly has a great mass of chemical and engineering facts in his mind, but he cannot use them in a way which assists the judgment of the House. His mind is not an orderly storehouse in which the storer has placed his facts, all carefully sifted and ready for use; it is rather a lumber-room, and his speeches resemble the struggles of the disorderly householder to get out what he wants.

The House of Commons is a great tutor, and puts all its Members under a transforming discipline. They bring to it all kinds of characteristics, and from time to time enrich it by introducing new types, but it lays its restraints even upon the most daring, and it imposes its traditions in some measure upon all. It operates upon its Members by means not of precept, but of example, by atmosphere, and not by rule. After three years of Parliamentary experience the Clydesiders show traces of the potent discipline which the House of Common exercises. They are all mellower, all more restrained than they were when first they entered the House, and the process of education and transformation will be continued.

Has Mr. Shaw Understood Joan of Arc?

By Professor Charles Sarolea

THERE has been in recent years an extraordinary growth of the cult of Saint Joan of Arc in Anglo-Saxon countries. When Anatole France, the greatest master of French speech, applied the methods of the higher criticism to the life of Joan of Arc and attempted to take her down from the pedestal to which the admiration and gratitude of her countrymen had raised her, a distinguished Scottish writer, Andrew Lang, constituted himself the champion of the maid. About the same time as Lang, on the other side of the Atlantic, Mark Twain wrote a remarkable book in which he tried with loving minuteness to reproduce the style and spirit of the old French chronicles. It is notable that in America the cult of Joan has extended to the common people. During the war I was repeatedly asked to lecture on the French saint to the American troops in France, and I was commissioned by the American Y.M.C.A. to write a special biography for the benefit of American soldiers. I found that the "Sammies" were mainly interested in one French hero—Napoleon, and in one French heroine—St. Joan of Arc; truly a quaint combination!

Recently the ever-increasing band of worshippers of Joan of Arc has been joined by a most surprising recruit, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The Arch Iconoclast, the Mephistophelean philosopher is adoring what one would have expected him to burn. And such is the spell which is exercised by the Maid that Shaw has approached his subject almost in a spirit of reverence. Many poets before him have been attracted to Joan of Arc. It cannot be said that any of them, from Chapelain to Voltaire, and from Shakespeare to Schiller, has been particularly successful in his poetic impersonations. The question before us is whether Mr. Bernard Shaw has been luckier than his predecessors? Has he succeeded where they conspicuously failed? I do not think that he has. No doubt, from a theatrical point of view, his play has been a wonderful and a deserved triumph. An almost

unanimous chorus of praise hailed it in Paris as well as in London. But I am afraid that the literary critic cannot be quite as unqualified in his praise as the dramatic, and I believe that the sober historian is likely to be even less enthusiastic. Indeed, no student of medieval history who has taken the trouble to study the facts will be inclined to admit that Mr. Shaw has given us the real maid. I feel sure that there is no more relation between the historical Joan of Arc and his theatrical heroine than there is between the historical Macbeth and Shakespeare's.

The Joan of Arc of Mr. Shaw is not a medieval drama. It is neither a miracle play nor a mystery play. It is at best what the old dramatists called a "morality play." Or rather, it is a modern problem play. The illiterate peasant girl of eighteen who could not read or write, and who always maintained towards religion the simple, unquestioning attitude of the humble believer, is transformed into a latter-day advanced thinker, a herald of revolt, shaking the foundations of medieval society. The pious mystic who is so pre-eminently Catholic that she is unintelligible except in a Catholic setting, the obedient child of Mother Church who, even while she was engaged on the liberation of France, was planning a crusade against the Hussite heretics, is made into a heretic and into a Protestant. Could the travesty of history be carried further? Has Mr. Shaw ever imagined a character which looks more dangerously like a freak of fantasy?

Mr. Shaw reproves every one of his predecessors because they failed to catch the spirit of the times. He justly remarks that you cannot understand Saint Joan of Arc unless you also try to understand the atmosphere in which she lived, and the conditions in which she had her being. The remark is perfectly apposite, but I would submit that Mr. Shaw himself is extraordinarily ignorant of the medieval atmosphere and conditions. Indeed, he betrays that deeper kind of ignorance of the writer who does not even know that he does not know. He is a glaring illustration of the truth that no amount of genius or wit can take the place of accurate and scientific knowledge.

Mr. Shaw's main thesis is that the trial of Joan of Arc was a religious trial and not a political trial. Now it is perfectly true that in the history of Joan the religious issue is bound up with the political, as was

inevitable in a state of society where there was constant fusion and confusion of the temporal and spiritual powers, and where the Canon law of the Church was constantly mixed up with the civil law of the State. But this close connection of the medieval Church and State does not prevent the fact that in the case of Joan of Arc the paramount issue was political, and that it is the political passions and prejudices alone which can make us understand the trial and condemnation. The Maid of Orleans was not a teacher or a preacher, like her contemporary John Huss, with whom Mr. Shaw compares her and who suffered a similar martyrdom. She never pried into the mysteries of faith. She did not question nor defy either the dogma of the Catholic religion or the authority of the Catholic Church. Her activity was purely political and military. She simply proclaimed that she had received from on high a mission to liberate France from the yoke of the foreign invader. Since she thus became the self-appointed leader of a political party and the champion of a political cause, her opponents were bound in self-defence to challenge her mission. And they took the only possible means to get rid of a dangerous enemy. They used religion as a pretext. It was inevitable that they should do so, at a time when France was undergoing the most terrible ordeal of all her chequered history, when political passion was burning at fever heat, and when all the horrors of civil war were being added to the cruelties of a foreign war.

I quite understand the position which Mr. Shaw chooses to take up. Like many a modern Socialist and democrat, he is really an aristocrat. He has the pride of intellect. He has a Nietzschean contempt for the opinions of the herd. And he believes that in one essential respect the herd are radically wrong about the trial of Joan of Arc. The vulgar always have a tendency to transform the great dramas and tragedies of history into commonplace melodramas, where consummate villains are always engaged in a conspiracy against helpless victims. The vulgar therefore quite naturally assume that Joan of Arc was at the mercy of wicked men like Bishop Cauchon, and that she never got a fair trial.

In justice to Mr. Shaw, I believe that he is right in his protest that the Maid of Orleans got as fair a trial as could be expected considering the errancy of human

nature, and the circumstances of the times. Indeed, before Mr. Shaw, I tried to prove in a little book on Joan of Arc that posterity has been grossly unfair to the worthy politicians and theologians of the Rouen tribunal. But I submit to Mr. Shaw that his interpretation of the trial as being mainly a religious trial is entirely inconsistent—whereas my interpretation of the trial as mainly political is entirely consistent with a belief in the honesty and sincerity of the judges. Once we admit that the judges were just ordinary political partisans, that they were subjected to all the passions of political parties and that they believed in the justice of their cause, we are driven to the conclusion that the Tribunal of Rouen was bound in duty and conscience to condemn the maid. Indeed, I do not see that there was any alternative for them. Let us consider the position in which they were placed and the atmosphere of a terrible civil war. The judges could not reasonably deny the supernatural character of Joan's mission. They could not understand or explain her any more than we can, when we test her by ordinary human standards. They were therefore driven to assume a supernatural interposition. The only question was whether that supernatural intervention did come from God Almighty, or whether it came from the Infernal Powers. The judges could not possibly believe in a Divine interposition, because if they had they would have had to admit that God was on the side of the English and Burgundian enemy. Quite obviously, if the fruits of the glorious victory of Agincourt were not to be thrown away, if the English King was to justify his claim to the French throne, if the Duke of Burgundy was to assert his sacred obligation to avenge the horrible murder of his father, perpetrated by the supporters of Joan of Arc, then the peasant girl in man's clothing must be an emissary of the Evil One. She must be a witch in league with Satan. And the duty of the secular as well as of the ecclesiastical power was to deal with her in the only way in which medieval law dealt with witches—namely, by burning her at the stake.

Holding, then, that Joan's trial was primarily a political and not a religious trial, I further hold that this political trial must be conceived as being essentially a moving epic and tragedy of patriotism. Prompted by his temperamental disposition to dispute all commonly received

opinions, and systematically to defend the paradoxical, rather than the common-sense view, Mr. Shaw would make us believe that Joan was not the patriotic heroine which she is supposed to be. It is true that in the opinion of the French people of every class, of every party and persuasion, pity for, and love of, her country was the compelling motive behind her activities. But, forsooth, the French people are a benighted people, and they cannot be trusted to understand their own history. Therefore we must assume that they are entirely wrong, and that they impute to Joan sentiments which were entirely foreign to medieval society. Medieval society, so Mr. Shaw tells us, was international and cosmopolitan. Nationalism and patriotism are new-fangled, artificial, and recent notions. They are a wicked invention of the modern capitalist bourgeois State, which invention is intended to plunge the people into quarrels with an imaginary foreign enemy, in order to divide their attention from their real domestic enemies and from the beneficent class war.

With all respect to Mr. Shaw, here again he betrays his strange ignorance of the elementary realities of medieval history. The fact is that the "principle of nationality" and national passions played as important a part in the Middle Ages as in our present enlightened age. It is quite true that in religious matters medieval society was international and universal. On the other hand, in political matters the Middle Ages were intensely national and even parochial. Every kind of patriotism, even from the municipal patriotism of the City State, was familiar to them. Has it not occurred to Mr. Shaw that the wars between France and England and between England and Scotland were national wars? Has it not occurred to him that even universities, which from their very name ought to have been universal, were run on nationalist lines, and that, strangely enough, they were organized, not in faculties, but in separate "nations," of which separate divisions we still have a survival in the present curious organization of Glasgow University? Has it not occurred to him that in Flanders, across the northern border of France, the battle of languages and of nationalities had been raging for centuries, that Flanders was divided into Flemings and Frenchies, and that on one occasion in the terrible Matins of Bruges the

Frenchies had been cruelly massacred? Has it not occurred to him that in every city of Italy there was a national or Guelf party, and an international Ghibelline or German party? Has it never occurred to him that even John Huss was almost as much a Bohemian patriot as a heretic, and that it was his action, as Rector of the University of Prague, to enforce the supremacy of the Bohemian "nation" over the German "nation," which decided 5,000 German students to leave Bohemia in bitter indignation, and to found a new university at Leipsic? Has it not occurred to Mr. Shaw that even allegiance to the Pope, which ought to have been decided on purely religious grounds, was, in fact, determined by national considerations? When the great schism of the Papacy came the various sections of Europe took sides for or against the respective Popes and anti-Popes, not on the merits of the individual candidates, but for political and national reasons. Frenchmen were Clementists because Pope Clement had his residence at Avignon. Scotsmen were on the same side because the Scots were the allies of the French. On the contrary, the English were for the Pope of Rome, and supported Pope Urban because they were the enemies both of the French and of the Scotch.

Considering that Mr. Shaw goes out of his way to revolutionize all the accepted views about Joan, it is somewhat astonishing and disappointing that he should not have denounced one commonplace view and advanced one paradox which personally I am prepared to argue, and which is a paradox only in appearance. I submit to him that he has missed a great opportunity. For 400 years millions of French people have been convinced, and they are still convinced, that England was mainly and, indeed, solely responsible for the tragedy of Rouen. They have never forgiven the English for burning Joan any more than the Germans have forgiven the French for burning the Castle of Heidelberg. I am sorry that it has not occurred to Mr. Shaw to challenge that opinion in the interest of historical truth, in the interest of England, and of international goodwill. The probability is that as an Irishman he would not have liked to hold a special brief for England. But if he had had the courage of his convictions, and if he had followed the logic of his argument that Joan of Arc received a fair trial, and that

it is unjust to accuse the judges of Joan of Arc of unfairness and cruelty, he would have further argued that it is even more unjust to accuse the English people of a guilt which ought to be imputed to others. Even if we are to admit that the condemnation of Joan of Arc was a judicial error and a judicial crime, it was not an English crime, it was primarily a French crime.

The soldier who made Joan a prisoner was a French soldier. The officer who sold Joan for a few pieces of silver was a French officer. The Duke of Burgundy, who delivered over Joan to the tribunal was a French prince. Bishop Cauchon, who was the most bitter of Joan's prosecutors, was a French bishop. The University of Paris, which rebuked the ecclesiastical judges for their lukewarmness and slowness in prosecuting Joan, was a French university, the highest spiritual and judicial court in the French kingdom.

I have tried to prove that in all fundamentals Mr. Shaw is hopelessly wrong, and that he does not give us in "Joan of Arc" a historical character, but an imaginary one. I believe that my arguments are unanswerable, and I defy Mr. Shaw to answer them. It is highly probable that, if he does answer them, I shall have the worst of the argument in an intrinsically good cause. But all his genius and ingenuity will not prevail against the sober facts of history.

I have a suspicion that in his lucid intervals Mr. Shaw himself realizes that he is wrong. In a very interesting letter which I received from him some time ago he admits with characteristic candour that he does not claim to understand Joan of Arc.

"I do not profess to understand Joan of Arc: and neither will you, unless you are growing rasher with advancing years, instead of more cautious. Lots of writers have tried to explain her, and to account for her, to dramatize her, to glorify her, vilify her, and diagnose her; and she has beaten them all, the series of defeats culminating in the frightful 'gaffe' perpetrated by Anatole France. I have been more wary. I took the only documents that are of the smallest value; the report of the process, and that of the rehabilitation. I simply arranged what I found there, for the stage, relying on Joan to pull me through, which she did.

"I then amused myself by reading as much as I

could stand of the Joan literature. It is crusted with inventions, for the most part quite unconscious. The writers give one fact rather doubtfully as a fact, and then proceed to give as additional and unquestionable facts half-a-dozen ideas of their own which happen to have become associated with that fact in their minds through their historical and religious training. If you read a lot of this stuff before writing your article you are a lost man. Read the trial and nothing else, and you will see that it turned, with insistent laborious explicitness, on the Protestant point. When Joan said 'God must come first,' that is, before the Church, there was nothing for it but to burn her or canonize Wycliff and Huss. What else is there in the case worth writing ten lines about? Of talking round it there is no end; but what a waste of time!

"Of course, I shall read whatever you write with interest, and you can hardly suppose that after forty years of controversy I am turning thin-skinned. But I warn you that I have no theory about Joan, and understand her no more than I understand myself. Necessarily I take a certain view of the facts, and it will be very interesting if you can give another view of them, but none of us *know*. Anatole France may be dismissed as simply wrong, because he invented several pseudo-facts and refused to recognize the most glaring real fact (Joan's force and ability); but nobody who sticks to the fact, and is not the slave of theories about woman's sphere of a sectarian faith, can be convicted of error. So beware of my simplicity. I have deliberately abstained from learning in this matter so that I might the easier get into Joan's skin, and not into that of her historians; and as I have evidently got her alive somehow, you will have some trouble in persuading the world that I went the wrong way to work."

Mr. Shaw's admission is highly significant. It is a striking illustration of his sterling intellectual honesty. But the admission and confession entirely miss the point of the controversy. My main point is not only that he does not understand the Maid of Orleans. Nor is it only that he does not explain her. Rather it is that he distorts her personality, and that he misrepresents her mission. I must leave it to the critical reader to decide whether I have succeeded in proving my argument.

The Day of a Kipsigis

By J. G. Le Breton

[An English day has often been described. Everyone knows its details, from the home to sport, the office, or the restaurant; or from work in the fields to the evening pipe and newspaper. Here is something more novel, which the pioneers of our Empire see and ought to understand—a day in the life of a native belonging to a pastoral tribe in East Africa.]

Kimutai ("Born to-morrow") shivered, grunted, turned over, dragging the blanket closer round his chin and realizing vaguely that his companion had gone. The hard, beaten-earth floor on which he lay worried him not at all; but the diminishing warmth did, and he failed to recover the dead, deep sleep of an African. In twenty minutes he rolled over on his back, and, opening his eyes, stared up through the smoke at the conical roof above him, with its long, thin poles converging to an apex ten or twelve feet above, and so closely set that he could hardly see the thatch behind them. He sat up, blinking and rubbing his eyes, letting the blanket fall and exposing his brown body as far as the string of large green beads round his waist. A bracelet of leather covered with small bright beads on his left wrist, a thin iron chain round his neck with a little lump of medicine or a charm on it, some tiny ornaments of copper chain stuck into holes pierced near the top of his ear, and some ℜ shaped heavy ones in the lobe of the ear, which had been pierced and enlarged till it hung down about two inches nearly to his shoulder like a loop of leather—these formed the remainder of his costume.

He had nothing to do to-day. The youngsters had left the hut to herd the cattle, the girls had vanished to till their fathers' plots. Only a few young men still remained in the hut; they were gradually awakening, and a pleasant clamour of eager, excited voices arose, mixed with outbursts of laughter or enthusiastic exclamations as the conversation took unexpected turns. "Aiyé! Ya! Iman? Katukul." Such phrases with

all the intonations of amazement, vigour, and delight filled the hut, and Kimutai joined keenly in the good soul-filling talk till an empty feeling in his inside began to recall to him his mother's hut. Grasping his sword and cloth and slipping quietly through the low door of the *singiroinet*,* he stood up outside facing the morning sun. A cold breeze was blowing up the slope, bending the long grass in waves to his feet. He let the blanket fall and bared his body to the morning freshness while he slipped the loose cloth on over his head and tied on his crimson swordbelt. He stretched himself and yawned with a luxurious "Heigh-ho," then started to run fast and gracefully aslant the hill. The down, on which he ran, sloped steeply to a stream and across the valley rose to another enormous down. Following the hill-curve, he came to the head of the stream where the downs joined. He threw himself down on his right knee, stretching his body out horizontally, and resting on this knee and the toes of his extended left leg, put his lips to the water.

Presently he was running along a little twisting path, almost lost in waist-high bracken, his feet following unerringly the path he could not see. Tiny tracks left the path here and there for huts which seemed to have plastered themselves on the steep hillside, so much did they sink into it. He turned up the third of these, emerged from the bracken into a space of bare earth, and stooped to crawl through the low doorway, barely three feet high in the round surface of the hut. A woman was standing by the doorway—a widow—but still handsome as natives go. "You are late," said she, but he did not answer; it was not fitting that a warrior should answer. "The food is there," she said, following him in, and he saw that his sister was stirring the black earthenware porridge-pot which was already giving out a pleasant smell. He raked out a small piece with his fingers, passing it from the one hand to the other as it got too hot to hold, and swallowed it. There was an outcry from the women that it was not ready yet. "It *is* for me," he replied, as there were no men present to hear him, and they laughed happily at the compliment.

* Bachelor's hut.

Followed a babel of questions flung at him, and information given by them. They never waited for an answer, and each added to the other's account of men, women, goats, and cattle, what had happened at the last harvest he had missed, the number of dances and their incidents, the number of beer-drinkings and the quarrels at them, with the fixtures in dances and beer for the harvest now beginning. Presently the woman pointed at the pot, and the girl got up, slung it off the fire, and put it down before him to cool. He sniffed its steam loudly, and the women laughed again and resumed their cackle. There was a leopard about. Three nights ago he had taken a goat from near Arap Morsonik's hut. They had searched for him the next day and had not found him, but he was bound to be back in a day or two. At the last hunt Arap Sirtoi had been hurt. The leopard had taken a kid which had been lost from the gully near Arap Ruto's, two miles away. And then when the circle round it was nearly joined it had broken out, and Arap Sirtoi having rushed across to join up with theou termost man his spear had missed, and the leopard had clawed his arm and shoulder, but he had guarded his head till the beast was speared. They had plastered his wounds at once with fresh cowdung, and the white man on the farm near had poured medicine on it, and told him to sleep there or come back twice daily; but he wouldn't do that, and after a day or two the white man's medicine lost its power, so they called in a medicine man. Now he was healed but couldn't use his fingers. How had she heard, he asked his sister, and she had not answered, but looked down at the fire, and the mother told him. Arap Rono had described the hunt to his sister; they were always about together. "Well," said the girl, "Arap Rono is rich. His red cow gives seven bottles of milk a day, and two of her young heifers are running in the herd, both red like her mother. His bull is the champion fighter of their hill."

Kimutai glanced at her with wide-open eyes in sudden thought, then turned away and plunged his hand into the porridge. He ate with both hands, half-turned away from his family, cramming the red-brown mash into his mouth. When he had finished and his

mother and sister had had their turn, his sister took her mattock and her *panga* (slasher, a substitute for a bill-hood in clearing bush and grass) and went off to the grain-patch. The mother came and squatted by her son and took hold of his hands. He put his arm round her, keeping a cautious eye on the door, and they talked intimately together, she wanting to know about his health and if his food had been well cooked; while he was bent on describing the queer things he had seen, till they heard something brush the grass outside and started apart, the mother taking up a big water-pitcher to fill at the stream, the son putting together the ashes of the fire.

It was one of his friends who called his name at the door and crawled into the hut, to be followed immediately by two others, all long-limbed, thin, well-formed men with aquiline noses and woolly hair, done up in two cases into an evil-smelling pigtail "reinforced" with wool and mutton-fat, and bound round with greased cotton bandages. All were delighted to see him and shook hands warmly. They were avid of news, and presently he was chattering swiftly to them, narrating some comic incident of his travels with mimicry, much keenly-observed detail of description, and a great display of very white teeth which he was still polishing occasionally with the stick he had chewed before breakfast.

As they talked a long "cooee" came to them from the distance, and all paused to listen. There it was again. All sprang to their feet and crowded out of the hut. In the open air it was unmistakable. From the top of a down about two miles away the rallying call for a leopard-hunt was sounding continuously. From a small eminence a little behind the hut they could see the flash as the sun took the long spear of the caller. They could even make out the shield in his other hand. Telling Arap Yertor that he would call for him at his house as he passed, Kimutai dashed back into the hut and began his preparations. He oiled his sword-blade with mutton-fat to make it draw easier (these weapons do not draw too easily in case they should fall out and be lost on a night journey); he removed the black ostrich feather ball on his spear-tip, greased the three-foot blade of that

trusty seven-foot-long weapon, put on a black and white colobus monkey-skin head-dress, seized his shield, and took from the thatch inside the hut a little piece of red chalk which he moistened and tried on his leg. Crawling through the doorway, he pulled to and wedged the door-slab. Then he set off at a trot again through the bracken and the tall tebinwet bushes, which at a short distance look like mauve Buddleias, though their inflorescences are really the shape of a wild carrot flower, not lambs-tails. From this tangle he emerged on to the open trampled bank of the stream, sending a shout up to Arap Yertor's hut to join him there. Here the two made a paste of red chalk and water on the palette of a smooth boulder, then stripped and rubbed it in over hair, head, and body, finishing up with a wavy pattern formed by zigzagging the five clay-stained fingers twice up the leg on each side of the shin-bone and three times up the thigh. The effect resembles the conventional Egyptian symbol for water.

As they topped the slope and came on to the plateau they met others, arrayed in all their finery, and with eager, earnest faces. The leopard-hunt is the one chance of distinction which remains to a Kipsigis since raiding has been abolished, and every year claims its toll of death and disfigurement. Down every one of the tortuous, foot-broad paths they came hurrying with shield and spear and bow, lion-, colobus-, or baboon-skin conical head-dresses, and the queer coat-of-arms-shaped piece of soft skin that is bound round the waist and hangs down to cover the thighs behind. A few hundred yards farther they reached the spot where a little knot of Kimutai's neighbours had squatted, talking excitedly, round an older man. Presently the elder man, when young a famous local leader, rose and faced them and intoned an exhortation to them to be brave and aim straight, while all knelt on one knee holding their spears upright. They made a given response in chorus, rose, bending low, and made some steps forward behind their spears, then knelt again. More responses and another advance in unison evidently following a formal procedure, and the whole party leapt up and ran off to the hilltop whence the call was sounding.

A large crowd, easily over one hundred, and increasing every minute, was squatting and sitting about the open hill. No women or girls, of course, were present. The newcomers learnt that scouts were watching the thicket where the leopard lay, and that the hunt was on the point of starting. Even as the leaders spoke another group arrived, as large as that in which Kimutai had come, and a minute later the move began. One of the leaders, a fine-looking man with baboon head-dress, crimson sword-belt and sheath, black and white colobus anklets, shield and spear, and a brass armlet that flashed in the sun, came to the head of a group of men, who fell into file and marched off, each marching in step and about a yard behind the other. As they passed, each group fell in behind, until all were in motion. A quarter of a mile beyond they split into two columns, the front portion going straight on, the rear turning to their right above a small stream to cut the leopard off from water. Soon the circle was formed and began gradually to close in. From fifteen paces apart the intervals between each man decreased to eight or even six. A waving of the grass betrayed the fact that the leopard was stirring, and a shout from the other side of the circle showed that he was trying to break through; but he turned back in fear at the last moment.

Soon the spears were only three feet apart. A swaying of the bushes with a rush of his neighbours to the left, and a disappointed snarl, told of a second failure close to him. Kimutai was almost suffocating with suppressed excitement, part delirious joy at being there, part intense anxiety not to miss or do anything foolish; while behind all ran that tiny, persistent current of disquiet which, in common with all animals, is the vanishing inheritance of Man in the presence of danger. None of this might he show, and only his enormous eyes, peering round the shield, betrayed the secret. He was, of course, convinced that the leopard would fall to him alone. Suddenly the grass swayed nearly in front of Kimutai, a spotted head with snarling pink jaws and white teeth emerged, and behind it the long, sinuous body flowing swiftly over the ground, making for the gap on his left where Arap Yertor was returning from the last alarm.

With a shout Kimutai swung round and struck; but a leopard showing suddenly on the shield side, running for life and half-hidden in grass, is not such an easy mark as it sounds, and his spear went behind it. At the same moment Arap Yertor's spear took it in the hind leg and tore out. The wounded beast whirled in an instant and leapt; and simultaneously Kimutai's spear entered behind the shoulder. Arap Yertor, crouching behind his shield stabbed at the chest of the leaping animal, and the body fell upon his shield, knocking him senseless, and rolled over. It had died at the moment it leapt, for Kimutai's spear was through its heart, but that did not prevent the next half-dozen men who reached the spot from plunging their spears into the quivering corpse. Arap Yertor proved to be undamaged. Everyone was talking and laughing, and even singing at the top of his voice. Spears were thrown in the air and caught again, flashing in the sunlight as the grass blades were flashing, and the leaves of the young saabtek trees in a patch of forest behind them. It was a glorious moment—the most glorious of his life to Kimutai, for it was his first leopard. The leopard was Arap Yertor's, of course, for he drew first blood and the tail would be his; but Kimutai's thrust had really killed it, so he would reap his share of glory. He stood apart receiving the congratulations of his friends and laughing with them, rather subdued by his good fortune. It was a beautiful skin even in its rent condition, just fully grown. An older leopard, he knew, would have been too wise to turn for a mere flesh wound when practically safe. The beast once skinned, the tail was cut off, leaving a loop of skin attached to its base; and this loop was slipped up Arap Yertor's arm above the elbow, whence it hung down level with his thigh.

The warriors had formed up into a close body about eight wide and fifteen files deep and were dancing very slowly and rhythmically with a two-syllabled deep refrain "Ah-háh! Ah-háh!" Then they split up and began going home in twos and threes—the hunt was over.

Arap Yertor and Kimutai were the centre of the largest group, all their neighbours being there and a number of

acquaintances from other hillsides. Everyone seemed anxious to talk with them. All of them had news to learn and to impart to Kimutai. "What sort of farm were you on? Is that country good for cattle? Only grain? Goats, perhaps? What's the price of sheep and goats there? Are our goats finer than theirs? Did you see Arap Birigen?" They had also a lot to say on the dance that night, for there were dances almost every night now that food was coming in again with the new harvest and the summer shortage was over.

Kimutai was late for the milking and found that one of his favourite cows was nearly milked when he arrived at the hut; but his sister showed him proudly the number of gourds its milk had filled. They had wanted to milk the red-and-white, his favourite of all, she told him, but she had begged them to leave it till he came. "Good," said he vigorously, and started to milk, while she held the spare gourd, and his young brother, all bone, kept the struggling calf between his legs with one arm round its neck, the other hand grasping its jaw and his thumb in its mouth for it to suck. It was an exceedingly pleasant scene in the cool breeze and the bright sunshine. The hut nestled on a niche in the slope of the down; behind it the tebinwet bushes grew like hazel-poles right up to the wall and thatch of the hut, almost hiding it. In front the bare patch of earth before the door was covered by the cattle, about a dozen cows with their calves, with short, sleek, glistening coats, like a hunter's, and of every colour, white, dun, black and white, roan, both blue and strawberry, red and white, and black. The native cattle of Kenya have a very gay appearance. Squatting by his side was the girl with her bright brass armlets and osiet apron of beads of every possible colour; the child with nothing to cover his long, thin limbs wrestled with the calf; and near the hut stood the mother clothed in two hides, one a petticoat from the waist to the ankle, the other a mantle tied round the neck. The land in front fell away steeply to the river, but the view looking straight forward was marvellous, ridge after ridge, sometimes parallel, sometimes tumbled together, some grass downs, some bush, some forest, all presided over by the vast bulk of the mountain-god Tinderet,

still prayed to for rain, black with forest and looking gigantic in the northern sky.

Kimutai had a long drink of warm milk and sat enjoying the view, the sight of the fat placid cows and their healthy calves, his wealth and the means of procuring wife and children. He thought with satisfaction of the forty florins he had brought back from work, tied in an old jersey sleeve and buried in a corner of the floor known only to his mother and himself. That would be another heifer in calf to add to his capital. Presently he retired into the hut for the heat of the day. This time he talked freely to his family, as he knew it to be unlikely that any *muren* (warriors) would be visiting at this hour. He told them all his adventures and discussed with them plans for the future, his mother urging him to marry and settle down in the district without wandering again, and canvassing suitable girls, to each of whom he offered an objection, though he made a mental note to go and see those he had forgotten.

It was the season for reaping the wymbi grain; so about two o'clock his sister and mother took their huge wicker baskets on their backs and went out. After a few minutes he followed them. Near the path a big patch was being reaped by a number of men; so he joined them and helped for about an hour. Then he went with them to a hut near-by, in the centre of which was a huge pot filled with beer. A number of old men were sitting round, each with a long rattan, the hollowed stem of a raffia palm about four feet long, through which he was sucking the beer from the pot. Kimutai stayed for about half an hour and then went off. He was enjoying every moment of his return to his own tribe so intensely that he could not remain long in one place. The father of a girl he had seen in the morning was of his clan or totem, and he had just heard that they were killing a sheep. If Kimutai went there, he was bound to be given a share of the meat. The sky had become overcast, and there was a feel of rain in the air. He knew that Arap Koimet had taken the rain-sticks off his roof. When he reached the hut, the sheep had already been skinned and the skin pegged out, hair downwards, to dry. Round kabobs of the meat were roasting on skewers before the fire. He

joined the party and shared the feast. The omens from the slaughtered sheep were favourable and everyone was happy. A *kinanda* was being thrummed in the back of the hut by a youth of fourteen or so. Kimutai joined him and inquired after his sister. The youth begged to be told about the leopard hunt, and offered eagerly to give his sister a message.

Kimutai returned to his mother's hut for the evening meal. The goats had come in from the grazing and were standing outside the door. He looked them over with approval before beginning to dress for the dance. The dress was much the same as for the hunt. The red clay had not worn off, would not, indeed, entirely wear off for two more days; the head-dress, shield, spear, sword with crimson sheath and crimson leather belt four inches broad, the flap of shield-shaped soft leather hanging down the thighs behind, were all the same; but he had replaced the black ball of ostrich feather on the point of his spear. In addition he wore anklets of colobus skin two inches broad and eight inches long from front to back, and a curious ornament consisting of a bell attached to a broad band of leather, covered with red and white beads, tied with thongs above and below the thickness of the thigh, the bell hanging close at the knee and ringing with every bending of it.

He was early at the dance, before the night had fallen. A circle had been formed, with arms interlocked round a man in the centre, and was revolving slowly by dint of raising each foot twelve inches or so from the ground and putting it down a foot to the right. It was a mixture of marking time and closing up, done to a slow rhythm set by the leader in the centre, who was intoning a long chant to which the circle replied at intervals with two deep notes "Ah-háh," the first rising in tone, the second falling again, and strongly stressed like a heavy out-breathing a hundred times multiplied. Kimutai broke the circle and locked arms with two friends, his spear held before his nose. He had hardly done so before the rhythm changed, and the whole circle were leaping vertically in the air with straight legs, tossing their heads backward and forwards as they did so. Hour after hour the dance continued, the circle swelling in size as

it absorbed new arrivals till it was more than a hundred yards in diameter. Men dropped out to rest or to move round the circle to greet their friends in the mellow moonlight. It was growing late and Kimutai was tired of the dance; so he retired into the nearest hut where beer-drinking was going on, striking his spear into the earth outside which bristled with them.

The old men sat round in circles on low, black stools in the firelight, each with his long tube, like a bent rattan walking-stick, extended into the central pot. The light flickered on, and withdrew from, their black faces, now revealing a cheek and crinkly white hair, now a thin, long nose with black shadow round the eyes, now leaving all in black shadow. Behind, with their tubes over the shoulders of those in the circle, were many *muren*, though these are not supposed to drink; but old custom is losing force through the influx of new laws. It is still a disgrace for *murenik* to be seen drunk in public, which is almost a normal state with old men. Kimutai squatted by Arap Rono and borrowed his tube. "I have seen my sister, Chemarus, outside," he remarked; "it's time I sent her home"; and was not surprised when presently Arap Rono took a long pull, thrust back the tube into his hands, and went out to the dance again.

Another man was crawling in, an unsuccessful rival of Kimutai's elder brother; so there was bad blood between him and the family. Kimutai huddled down behind the shoulders of the old men before him. If Arap Rotich saw him, he would probably start a fight, and this was far from Kimutai's schemes to-night. He coiled up his tube and retired to squat in a place near the wall. He was being abused by his enemy before he knew. He did not reply at once, and the others shouted at his opponent and at last quieted him. Arap Rotich subsided and started drinking, though he was already rather drunk. Kimutai thought regretfully that he could not leave now till the fracas had been forgotten, and glanced round towards the door. As he turned back his head he was suddenly aware that his enemy was aiming at him with a *rungu*. He flung himself backward with his legs in the air, and the club struck a glancing blow on the fleshy part of his thigh.

Twisting round he grabbed the club and was hauled up as his opponent raised it again. He sprang at Arap Rotich, clasping him round the arms and chest and falling on top of him as he fell. Kimutai fixed his teeth in Arap Rotich's cheek and felt the latter's in his own shoulder. Writhing and wrestling like a pair of wild-cats, they rolled in the dark upon the ash and ember-strewn floor, for one of them had scattered the logs of the fire. At last, when both were breathless, they were seized, separated, hauled to their feet, and held, despite their efforts to get at each other. Both were bleeding, and the under-man was slightly burnt. The other man was adjudged the aggressor and expelled from the hut.

Kimutai was congratulated by his friends, pressed to drink and refresh himself, and acclaimed as the victor. He gave himself up to conversation and to sucking up the beer, but found himself getting drowsy and the outlines of things becoming hazy. He had to look twice at them to keep them clear and steady. The firelight jumped so. He whispered to Arap Yertor to come with him, as Arap Rotich might be lying in wait with a spear and he needed a witness. Once out they found their spears and ran back with a stumble or two to the *singiroinet*.

A bevy of young men and girls had gathered round the fire there. Arap Yertor joined them, but Kimutai rolled himself in his blanket and lay down in the same spot in which he had awoken in the morning. As he lay looking up into the thatch he ran through the events since then. The others had lain down before he had finished, and the hut was absolutely silent, save for the fire's occasional rustle of subsiding ashes; and listening hard, he heard heavy rain beginning outside. He rolled over and shut his eyes.

The Beard

By R. B. Ince

In the days of good King René there lived in Provence a merchant named Antonio Camparda. All men respected him, and the causes of their respect were three: the shrewdness with which he husbanded his wealth; the complacence with which he displayed his piety; and the eloquence with which he sang the virtue and the beauty of his daughter Ursula.

Mindful of the inheritance to which she was heiress, Antonio paid unwearied attention to his daughter's education. He engaged for her the best teachers procurable. She was taught writing and illumination; spinning and weaving; needlework and embroidery; horsemanship and falconry; cooking, butter-making, and all household arts. Her fingers were trained to accompany her voice, sweet and natural as a nightingale's, on the harp; and her mind was fortified against all possible assaults of the Devil by a comprehensive knowledge of the Catholic faith.

So soon as Ursula had reached marriageable age, Antonio, in order that she might be shielded from the exceeding great perils which beset less fortunate maidens who have neither fathers nor guardians to supply for them the experience which youth lacks, selected for her a suitable husband. His choice fell upon a neighbour of aristocratic connections and extensive property, by name Bertrand de Narbonne.

The only possible objections to Bertrand were his age, which was fifty, his morals which were shifty, and his person, which was pursy. His gait was waddling and not, as he imagined, majestic, and although he looked well enough on his chestnut horse, his dignity suffered while getting there. It required three stalwart men to hoist Bertrand into the saddle. And when he dropped into it his horse's back sagged like the deep trough of the sea behind a wave. Bertrand was a widower with three unmarried daughters, all of whom took after him in figure and in fondness for the pleasures of an over-burdened table.

"Bertrand de Narbonne will make you a good husband, dear child," said Antonio. "I have considered

the matter from all points of view. There is nobody so worthy as he to be my son-in-law; and nobody who will be better able to look after you when I am gone. His lands adjoin mine. His uncle, the Duke——"

"Father," interrupted Ursula, "Bertrand's a pig. I hate him. If I cannot marry Bertaldo I will marry no one."

"Bertaldo's a coxcomb and a nincompoop. He has an intelligence fit for nothing better than his falconry. Besides, he has no money. Could *he* give you a coach emblazoned with gold quarterings; three castles; services of gold and silver-plate; necklaces of diamonds and pearls; twenty servants with pink coats and blue garters; a duke for an uncle and——"

"I don't want his castles nor his emblazoned uncle," protested Ursula. And a fountain of tears welled into the blue eyes of the fairest maiden of Provence.

"Very well," said Antonio. "I know what to do. I shall clap you up in a convent. By Our Lady! if you don't do as I bid, you shall take the veil."

Antonio Camparda was not accustomed to contradiction. Self-deluded into the belief that he obeyed the commands of God in every particular, he looked for instant obedience from all in his household. His daughter's refusal to marry Bertrand threw him into as righteous a fury as that of Moses when he broke the tables of stone.

"Have I not," he cried to heaven, "brought my child up well? Have I not spent more on her education than I could properly afford? Have I not engaged for her the best and most expensive teachers? And all for what? That she should defy me in my old age; mock my grey hairs and set paternal authority at defiance!"

Having protested thus to heaven, and heaven having politely refrained from contradicting him, Antonio rode over to the Convent of the Sacred Heart. For an hour he was closeted with the Reverend Mother. He explained to her with sighs incontrollable and a frequent raising of his hands to heaven, that he did not wish his daughter to take the veil. "That," he said, "seeing that Ursula has no call to the religious life, would be a crime and a calamity. It is only necessary that she shall be thoroughly frightened. The poor gentleman to whom

she is betrothed is inconsolable. He cannot understand behaviour so extraordinary. He is such a good fellow; such a dear fellow; he has given so much money to the Church. And he will, if not crossed in love, give more. He was telling me but yesterday that on his marriage he intends to settle a third portion of his land on some religious house. It might, Reverend Mother, be yours. Can you imagine an intelligent girl refusing such a suitor?"

The Reverend Mother could not. With her bent head she fingered her beads and sighed.

"A little discipline," she murmured; "the sweet, compelling odour of prayer and praise; the gentle constraint of a love that is not earthly; the powerful persuasions of penitence; holy fasts and blessed vigils——"

"Use them," interrupted Antonio bluntly; "use them all. Turn the screw. Turn it tight, if necessary. She defies me, Reverend Mother. Me—her father; me—to whom she owes everything; me—the wealthiest and most respected merchant in Provence."

On the eve of St. John the Baptist Ursula entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart. With a view to humbling her pride she was set to assist the cook, Jeannetton, in the most menial offices; to wit, the washing of plates, the scouring of saucepans, the trimming of lamps, the polishing of pots and pans, and the scrubbing of floors and tables.

This Jeannetton was an old woman of crabbed temper and repulsive appearance. Her features were sharp as though hacked out of seasoned oak; her voice hard and masculine; her laugh musical as the croaking of frogs in a pond. She worshipped her own comfort and convenience with as single-hearted an adoration as devotees pay their God. Most of the work she was engaged to do was done by the novices under her charge, while she reclined on her comfortable couch, eating purple cherries or sipping the wine that was kept exclusively for the use of the sacrament. But if her nose was meddlesome and her chin aggressive, her beard was loathsome. It was like a man's except that—resolute in her denial of its existence—she refused to trim it. In untrained luxuriance it depended from her inquisitive

chin; a vague, wavy growth, neither complacently masculine nor diffidently feminine; thick at the roots, but tapering to thin, irregular points and angles. It fluttered hither and thither in the wind like a candle-flame that flickered, but refused to blow out. To it clung particles of rich cream, dark gravy, and sticky syrup, forming abhorrent icicles that no sun would melt.

This beard aroused in Ursula at first a shrinking repulsion, but afterwards a covetousness which she feared was sinful. Thus it happened that whenever she thought of Bertrand de Narbonne, that mountain of concupiscent flesh on a depressed horse, she fell on her knees and offered this prayer to St. Ursula, her patron saint:

"Sweet St. Ursula, Lady in Paradise who, with thine 11,000 handmaidens, didst not fear martyrdom, entering the garden of our dear Lord, Jesus Christ, by the little gate studded with nails and overgrown with thorns, hear me when I cry to Thee and help me in my sore need. Let me not be given in sacrifice to Bertrand de Narbonne. If it be not sinful, and if there be no other way, let a beard grow on my chin like unto Jeannetton's, that Bertrand, seeing me thus, may no longer desire me. Sweet St. Ursula, let it be a long beard, a coarse beard, a ragged, disobedient beard that, for dread of it, I may be left unmolested in that virginity which Thou and Thy handmaidens didst keep ever unstained."

Every day, night and morning, and at the hours of prayer, did Ursula Camparda offer this petition. And every day did she anxiously examine her chin for the first signs that the blessed St. Ursula had heard with favour her prayer.

Waking early one spring morning, and passing her fingers over her throat, white as marble and smooth as silk, she felt a tiny prick. Springing joyfully out of bed she peered at the reflexion of her chin in a small copper mirror she had concealed among her clothes. There was one black hair, short, but determined. Next morning there were three.

Thereafter growth was so prolific and so rapid that, a fortnight later, when she entered the lofty kitchen, old

Jeannetton, peering round to make sure nobody else was within earshot, threw up her big red hands and burst into a hoarse laugh that echoed hideously among the smoke-blackened tracery of the roof.

"Holy Mother of God!" she cried, striking her knees with her greasy palms, "you and I, child, will soon be as like as twin sisters. If that's not a beard sprouting on your chin we shall find figs growing on the thistle-stems to-morrow!"

Ursula flushed at the old woman's coarse jests. But not with indignation. Gladness burgeoned in her heart as green things bloom around a hidden spring in the desert. Secret delight that her prayer had been answered welled up within her like a fountain of bubbling water. As she went about her lowly duties, screamed at and mocked by old Jeannetton, she rejoiced that every morning her beard was a little longer, a little wilder, a little thicker.

When there were nearly five inches of hair on her chin a scented message was brought to her by a servant of Bertrand's. Holding it between finger and thumb she waved it to and fro trying to dispel the terrible odour of rose leaves and musk and then, holding it at arm's length, she read as follows:

"My adorable little Friend, I purpose to come and see you to-morrow at midday. Everything is prepared for our wedding. Do not, prithee, any longer oppose the wishes of your kind father and his oldest friend. They know best what is good for you. You know you will have everything a wife can desire—jewellery, dresses, horses, dogs, servants, and carriages. You could not hope to make a better match were you a duchess. Little Victorine, the miller's daughter, would give her pretty blue eyes to be in your place. Till to-morrow, Sweetest. Your true and adoring lover, Bertrand."

Next day, when Bertrand de Narbonne was assisted by his three servants in pink livery to dismount at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, there was as great a flutter among the novices as among the hen-coops when a fox is on the prowl. They all began to chatter at once and to run away on private errands despite old Jeannetton's threats and imprecations. In less than a minute the

kitchen was deserted. Not having heard of Bertrand's arrival she could not imagine what had become of them all.

At length Olive, a timid little novice with a red spot on either white cheek, terrified by the memory of former scoldings, ran breathless into the kitchen.

Jeannetton took her by the shoulders and shook her quickly from north to south and then slowly from east to west.

"Where are they all?" she shouted. "What are they doing, the chattering magpies? Where have you been, you little hindleg of Satan?"

"If you please, Jeannetton, the Sieur Bertrand is in the parlour. He's come to see Ursula. He's not at all pleased with her. Instead of giving her the smacking kiss we all expected to hear he stamped and swore. I came away. I was afraid to listen any longer, his language was so terrible. He said things I'm sure we ought none of us to have heard for at least ten years. He said——"

At this point Olive, raising her eyes, found she was talking to an empty kitchen. Old Jeannetton had rushed off in the direction of the parlour. She was determined to send her satellites back to their duties even though she had to mount guard herself over the keyhole.

* * * * *

Bertrand de Narbonne rode back to his castle. His three servitors, having set him in the saddle, followed at a respectful—and safe—distance. They were well versed in the signs of the weather. "Thunder," said one. "Hurricanes," sighed the second. "All the devils in hell," growled the third.

"A beard!" he grunted. "Witchcraft and devilry! A beard. The Devil take her! When everything had been arranged. And not a word had I heard of this! Marry a beard? Not I. Antonio had best find her a wife in lieu of a husband."

Arrived at his castle he sent for Victorine, the miller's daughter.

"Victorine," he said, "you have been my little mistress for five years. You are a good girl. Next week I make you my wife. Say nothing. But mind, if you ever have so much as one hair on your chin I divorce you at once."

Victorine, guessing that something had heated Bertrand, thanked him, gave him the peck of duty, and left him to cool.

It is a strange fact, noted by learned psychologists, that the faithful, while they will readily accept some miracles of acknowledged difficulty, cannot be persuaded to credit others that are as easy of acceptance as that the grass is green or the sun shines. Thus Antonio, although he had always professed an exemplary belief in all the articles of the Catholic faith, fell into a fury when he saw his daughter's beard and heard from her lips of the marvellous great kindness her patron saint had shown unto her.

"Kindness?" he cried. "Miracle? You dare tell me that frightful thing is a miracle? It is devilry! It is sorcery! It is witchcraft! Someone here has had intercourse with Satan. And, by Our Lady! I will very soon find out who it is."

Refusing to listen to another word from his daughter he demanded an interview with the Reverend Mother. Unwillingly she admitted him. She was as perplexed as he was angry.

"You have seen this—this beard?" he fumed. "It is the most monstrous affliction of which I have ever heard. That *my* daughter should have a beard! And the wench dares to tell me a madcap story about some prayer she made to St. Ursula. Answer to prayer! It is an answer to devilry. Reverend Mother, were you in my place you would not credit such a story for a moment. Would any properly canonized saint pay an instant's attention to a prayer like that? To disfigure a young girl; the most beautiful girl in Provence; daughter of one of the wealthiest and most respected of merchants. Think, Reverend Mother: the scandal, the disgrace. What will my friends say? What will the Sieur Bertrand say? Pray heaven he does not tell his uncle, the Duke de Saint Crôs. It is the ruin of all my plans for her marriage. Were I to double her dowry I doubt if I could find even a strolling minstrel who would marry her."

And at the thought the poor gentleman was near bursting into tears.

The Reverend Mother could not decide what view

she ought to take of an event so astonishing, so inopportune, and so fruitful of controversy. Were she to admit that it might be a work of Satan, she would herself stand in no little peril. Disturbing visions of the stake, the faggot, and the rack rose before her troubled vision. This story was likely to travel far. It might lead to an ecclesiastical inquiry. On the other hand, if she claimed it for an authentic miracle of St. Ursula, she would incur the implacable hostility of her rich and influential neighbour, Antonio Camparda.

A woman of determination, firmness, and discretion, her strength resided in the resolute application of unchangeable formulæ. Not being gifted with imagination she experienced no difficulty in understanding the incomprehensible.

"We must pray that we do not form hasty conclusions," she said. "I always find that in difficult cases the best medicine is prayer and discipline; the blessed constraint of a love that is not earthly; the powerful persuasions of penitence; holy fasts and blessed vigils——"

"But the beard!" sputtered Antonio, "the beard! Am I meanwhile to be the laughing-stock of Provence? Is there no means of getting rid of this frightful, this disgusting deformity?"

The Reverend Mother was silent. Then she said in a voice toneless as a cracked bell:

"I shall appoint a two days' fast and continuous prayer to St. Ursula. I have always found that in cases of difficulty the best remedy is prayer and discipline."

Ursula Camparda was confined to her cell in disgrace. A diet of bread and water was imposed. Sisters and novices were alike forbidden to speak to her.

Each nun and each novice was required, on the day appointed for the fast, to take her turn in the chapel. They were to pray for ten minutes to St. Ursula that this sad deformity might be removed; that Ursula Camparda might no longer be disfigured by so much as a hair on her chin.

The day before the fast commenced the Reverend Mother sent for Ursula. She sighed deeply and said:

"Although I cannot think that you deserve mercy,

since it is wrong to invoke the help of the saints in so wicked an act as opposing the will of parents, nevertheless I wish you to take your part in the chain of holy prayer. But since the best prayers are offered only by those who believe honestly and desire fervently, I wish to know whether it is your will that our prayers for you shall be answered?"

"Reverend Mother," replied Ursula, "I do not wish to deceive you in this or in any other matter. I heard to-day that Sieur Bertrand was married last week to Victorine, the miller's daughter. The blessed St. Ursula has protected me in the hour of peril. I therefore desire nothing more ardently than that she shall now undo her holy work."

Satisfied on this point, the Reverend Mother ordered Ursula Camparda to take her turn with the others. This she did with great willingness of the spirit, but exceeding weariness of the flesh; for the troubles through which the poor child had passed had exhausted her strength. Thus it happened that when her turn came to take up the chain of holy prayer, forespent with sorrow, an irresistible desire to sleep overcame her so soon as she dropped on her knees in the chapel. The novice whose turn it was to follow her, seeing that she did not rise at the ringing of the bell, fluttered hither and thither like a shy sparrow in the aisle. Thinking that Ursula had attained the upper heights of prayer, upborne on the soaring pinions of the spirit, she feared to disturb her. When another ten minutes had elapsed, not venturing to interrupt a contemplation so profound, she called one of the sisters. Together they approached Ursula and found her lapped in the profound and rosy sleep of childhood.

The Reverend Mother, being informed that Ursula had broken the chain of holy prayer, sent for her.

"Go to your cell," she commanded in the voice of one who is weary of sowing corn and reaping tares. "It is evident that you told me a deliberate untruth. How can I believe otherwise than that you purposed to frustrate our efforts on your behalf?"

* * * * *

That night Ursula Camparda fell into a deeper sleep

than she had ever experienced before. Earth dropped from her like the soiled garment a bather slips off beside the heaven-reflecting pool. Waking suddenly in the darkness she found that the whited walls of her cell had melted like curtains of mist parted by the sun. She stood in a place of flowers. Blue twilight held the world in a hush, and a golden moon was rising through a luminous haze. This moon was unlike any orb she had ever seen in the heavens; of warmer brilliance and of an essence that dispelled sorrow and dispensed serenity. Innumerable stars fluttered in the sky, but these were pale and distant as fireflies glimpsed from the interior of a brilliantly illumined room.

The moon sang. Then did Ursula understand that it was no moon, but a female form of benignant beauty and surpassing grace. Her speech was music, but such as speaks to the inner ear beyond sense.

"Sweet maiden," she said, "grieve no more. You did well to pray to me. Beautiful and of great virtue is the unquestioning faith of a child. To-morrow, when your spirit returns to the place you call earth, you will find that I have again granted your petition."

A sob shook Ursula's limbs.

"But, sweet Lady in Paradise," she faltered, "do you not know that I am in disgrace? It was I who broke the chain of holy prayer."

"Child," replied St. Ursula, "the wise accept what the saints send and ask no questions. Your sin was not unpardonable. Were not the Twelve forgiven for a like offence? Moreover, the saints suffer somewhat from the unbending and melancholy seriousness attributed to them by the religious. We also, though dedicated to the service of heaven, are moved by those great tides of joy and sorrow which are the twin pulses of life. Do you not suppose it is a little wearisome for us to have to listen to the same petition repeated and repeated for thirty-six hours? When you fell asleep in chapel I also was able to snatch a little repose. Sweet child, you do not understand. How should you? Prayer is good and praise is good, but even the saints need relaxation. Heaven is not so unlike earth as you imagine. We dance sometimes on the greensward starred with flowers."

Then it seemed to Ursula that the fairest lady she had ever beheld, dreaming or waking, moved in a dance of rapturous grace and bewildering beauty under the trees among the moon-daisies of the meadows. And her twinkling feet kept time to a music Ursula divined, but could not hear.

Moved as by an irresistible impulse, the lights that had fluttered as stars, taking human forms of rare loveliness, floated down from the sky and danced in company with her. They were the 11,000 virgins who suffered martyrdom with St. Ursula. And as she watched, Ursula Camparda was moved to so deep an ecstasy that sense could endure no more. She sank deeper and deeper into the black abyss of forgetfulness.

The moment Ursula awoke she felt for her beard. It was no longer there. Her chin was smooth, soft, and innocent of hair as a babe's. Thereupon, praising God and St. Ursula in her heart, she went cheerfully about her business and, at the first opportunity, sought the Reverend Mother in all simplicity and gladness. She told of her vision and of how the blessed St. Ursula had bidden her not to grieve. As she continued a glow of rapture lit her features:

"We are grievously mistaken, Reverend Mother, in thinking that the saints spend all their time with ears strained to catch every word of our petitions. St. Ursula assured me that when I fell asleep in chapel she also was able to snatch a little rest. She told me that the blessed ones sometimes delight to dance. Indeed, she danced before me, and the 11,000 virgins who bear her company. Never have I seen such grace, such movement, such a mingling of colours that have no name. Oh, how I wish you had been there, Holy Mother, to see it!"

As she told of these things Ursula's eyes dilated and her voice, always musical, thrilled with the dawning tenderness of womanhood.

But in the grey face and the eyes cold as the moon, that confronted hers, there was no reflexion of her joy. The Reverend Mother was not of those who see visions. No dreams had ever disturbed or soothed her, waking or sleeping. Her faith was precise, assured, and unemotional as a legal document.

"Girl," she said sternly, "you have the presumption to teach me things I have no desire to know. You pretend, a novice of eight weeks, to visions of the saints. By their fruits ye shall know them. This vision, if it is aught more than a wicked fabrication, was of the Devil. In either case, it is clear that Satan has designs upon your soul. I cannot harbour you here any longer. It would not be just to the other novices under my care. To-morrow I send you home to your father. And now go to your cell and pray that you enter not into temptation."

Passing through the cloisters on the way to her cell, Ursula spied the little door which the gardener used, standing ajar. Beyond the grey cloisters she had a glimpse of rolling meadows, bathed in sunshine and green with shoots of sprouting corn. At that instand a hawking party came into view and, at the tail of the procession, riding by himself, moody and sad, she spied Bertaldo. Conscious that she had done no wrong, aching for sympathy and that earthly love which is so wondrous a shadow of the divine, and dreading her return to her father's house, she slipped out and tripped swift as a cloud-shadow across the sun-dappled meadows to seek his advice.

He listened attentively to the story of her woes. And then, with a courtly gesture, taking a circlet of flowers that hung over his arm:

"Lady," he said, "what do shrivelled nuns and gloomy penitents know of the joys of springtime? And this, as well as the bliss of heaven, was given us by God. These flowers are better counsellors. Accept my coronet of lilies that toil not neither spin. Flowers know I many that blow on yonder heath; let us ride thither. There shall we twain pluck them together."

Her cheeks flushed red as a rose in a bed of lilies. Her bright eyes were downcast yet full of gladness. He assisted her to mount behind him and, quitting the hawking party, they rode away together to gather wild flowers and listen to the song of the nightingale.

The Character of Talk

By J. B. Priestley

If talking is to be included among our diversions, we must begin by fencing it off from speech in general. Communication by means of articulate sound is one of the necessities of our species; even those races, now almost extinct, such as the Red Indian, which had a contempt for loquacity, were compelled to grunt something from time to time. Speech being, therefore, a necessity, only a special and heightened form of it, known here as talking, can be considered a diversion. Talking is one of the signs and marks of civilization. The barbarian, no matter where he is found, cannot talk, and both despises and mistrusts those who can. Wherever we meet this attitude towards the pleasant little arts of conversation, we have not far to go before we light upon the woad and scalps, the flint axes, and poisoned arrows. Where talking flourishes many other admirable things flourish, and there is civilization. I often think we might justly estimate the quality of an age, not by its colossal creations, its works of genius, its symphonies and colossal buildings, its codes of law and poetic drama, but by the way in which it contrives to touch with grace the common pattern of our life, exalting the crude necessities into material for art. The age in which people walk and dress and talk beautifully, and are unfailingly charming throughout the day's routine, has left barbarism far behind, and is truly civilized. That such ages have had to be saved from decay by explosions of barbaric energy, by hordes of strong, silent creatures from the outer darkness, as so many of the historians (themselves often learned savages) have told us, does not materially affect the argument. Such ages are ripe and mellow; a little more sunshine and they would be rotten; so the darkness covers them, until once more hard, sour and green, but vigorous, they begin to ripen again. And thereby hangs the tale that may be found in so many of those large

volumes that tell us what progress we have made, sometimes presenting portraits of Socrates and Mr. H. G. Wells, Julius Cæsar and Mr. Lloyd George.

Talking, then, we may consider only a small part of ordinary speech. People may use words all day long, growing hoarse hours before the sun has gone down, and yet win for themselves no reputations as talkers. Cheapjacks in side streets, brokers on the Chicago Stock Exchange, irate fish-wives, politicians who do not belong to our own party, all these are mighty users of words, for ever making articulate or semi-articulate sounds, but they do not figure in any list of "great talkers." A vast load of converse can be set aside as having nothing to do with our subject. All that crude intercourse by means of which the world's business is carried on, the babble of markets and offices, forms no part of talking. So, too, at the other end of the emotional scale, there are those scattered words of an awful naked simplicity, cries wrung out of the heart, that we utter in moments of unusual stress; and these, too, must be set aside: Lear and Othello, in their agony, are worlds away from talk. We might say, at a venture, that any exchange of speech that aims directly at some action, being a means to an end and not (within sensible limits) an end in itself, is outside our subject. But there yet remains a great body of intercourse, neither directly practical nor yet made up of naked and passionate utterances, that we cannot pass as talk.

There is a kind of speech, by no means uncommon, that might be described as atmosphere-building. Its object is not really communication at all; no ideas are exchanged, little information, indeed, little of anything. The persons engaged in it are not really listening to one another; they are enjoying something, but it is not the conversation, it is the situation in which they find themselves, the atmosphere they are helping to create. We all indulge in the practice—it is linked up to some of our happiest moments—but perhaps women indulge in it more than men. You may travel up to town in the same carriage as two ladies, acquaintances who may have met on the platform, bent on a day's shopping. There they sit twittering throughout the whole journey. Some of

their prattle penetrates your newspaper; you cannot help overhearing, and you note how monstrously silly it all sounds. You wonder what satisfaction is to be gained from the exchange of such foolish remarks, such idle questions and idle answers, all with a full accompaniment of nods and smiles and cooings. They would be no worse off if they merely made pleasant noises—bee, bah, boh; or, better still, if they sang together. But the fact is, of course, that actually they are singing together rather than talking. They are happy, and their tongues are lyrical in their happiness; an idea would be a grim intruder; thought is unnecessary, and they have no desire to barter it. They are swimming in a pleasant atmosphere, recognize that they are swimming there together, and merely emphasize the situation by making happy little noises, suggesting confidence and companionship. All this they know themselves, for the recognition of it shines in their faces, from which the sharp, purposeful look has vanished. If they really wished to converse, to obtain some information, to assert a superiority, you would see the difference at once. But they are at ease, swordsmen of a thousand battles now making a few bright passes at the sun with buttoned foils.

You can see men, too, engaged in this pastime of atmosphere-building with words. Catch them immediately after the work is done, glass in hand, stout citizens, men who pay their way and plant their feet firmly on the ground, and you will hear them hurling deep-chest notes at one another, hardly nearer to real talk than a baying hound. A feeling of physical and mental well-being and good comradeship is in the air, and this feeling cannot better be expressed than in those loud, cheerful noises that form words, but have at once less and more significance than words. They play this game finely among the ruder classes in France, where good citizens gathered over two or three very small glasses can work wonders with a mere *Oui* or *Non*, more explosive, though, perhaps, no more satisfying than the comfortable rumble in our English rural taprooms. But men, I think, cannot keep it up as long as women, perhaps because they have less capacity for pure enjoyment, or need more variety, or are less sensitive to atmospheres.

It is more than likely that after a few minutes of this genial noise-making, when words are used as maroons, genuine talk will emerge, there will be some exchange of notions, some arguments, and soon the air will be filled with instances and anecdotes and odd scraps of disputation.

Coldly intellectual people condemn what is commonly called dull company (of which I have offered a defence in another place) very unfairly, because they pass judgment before they have taken the trouble to understand what it is they are condemning. That the conversation is dull, almost drivelling, in such companies, let us say at your Uncle James's when he has the usual set there, the little doctor and his even smaller wife, a silent atom; the two fat men, in tea and coals, with their large, jangling wives; the rector's sister who will talk of Lugano; the man with the large moustache who stares and stares; and old Mr. Winterfall and his niece who works in pewter; that the conversation is uncommonly dull, I repeat, in such companies is beyond cavil; it reveals previously unglimpsed abysses of boredom, and can stretch out yawning Time until every second is a muffled minute gun. The fact is, however, that this conversation is not proffered as talk, in our sense of the word, and, therefore, should not be judged as such. It is necessary to realize imaginatively what is taking place, and this is what our coldly intellectual friend refuses to do. He should realize that once more it is a matter of living happily in an atmosphere. These people are enjoying the situation in which they find themselves, the mere physical proximity of the other persons in the company, the friendly warmth and comfort, and the feeling, for the moment, of security. Outside there are a million disturbing ideas howling with the wind and beating against the windows with the rain. There, too, prowling in the darkness, are hard words and cold eyes, poverty and disease and death. Let us close the shutters, poke the fire, make all snug within, and sit happily together, victors for the time being over all the ills of this life. Such words as we use shall be but extra shutters and curtains, and blazing coals and cushions. Not for us the desolate uplands where our intellectual visitor would

have us wander, among the jutting crags of the dogmatist and the sweeping mists of scepticism. So runs the thought in such companies, and it should be met with tenderness rather than scorn. It is death to talk, real talk, and I, for one, have no desire for any prolonged stay in this atmosphere; but those of us who have ventured farther, who have said farewell to any feeling of dizzy insecurity among ideas, are uncharitable to shut off our sympathy from those who refuse to stir from the fireside. Something, at least, is present that is necessary where there is to be real talk, namely, a feeling of warm companionship.

The persons at the other end of the scale, miles away from such cosy chattering dullness, the rigid truth-hunters, the bloodhounds of the idea, are not much nearer to the true business of talking. They have ideas, it is true, but they lack that feeling of warm companionship, and there is among them little play of personalities. There should be in talk a natural expansion, a blossoming, of the personalities engaged in it. Conflict there will inevitably be, but it will be a tournament, with much unnecessary flourishing of lances and shields, nodding plumes, and half-impudent trumpetings, rather than a battle; nobody will be killed; the vanquished will drink with the victors instead of being a cold huddle of corpses; and, indeed, there will be nothing to tell one from the other, and no one will rightly know who has prevailed. That is real talk. But these solemn truth-hunters do not expand and blossom. They are there for business. You may see them, their noses to the ground, tracking the truth over leagues of meadow and heath. Or you may see them, after the most perfunctory passes for courtesy's sake, hard at it one with another, raining down arrows of evidence, and clubbing one another with weighty syllogisms. Even when there is no ferocity displayed, its place is merely taken by a kind of chilly politeness that is even farther removed from comradeship than a hearty antagonism. Those creatures we meet in philosophical dialogues are clearly not there for talk; the author gives us a ventriloquial entertainment, or shows us one man of flesh and blood knocking down six men of straw. When the business on hand has been dispatched,

when it has been satisfactorily proved that virtue depends upon knowledge, or that matter has no real existence, the thing is done, all the creatures collapse, and are promptly tucked away in the property box. Conversations of this kind in actual life are very little nearer to talk. The personages engaged in them do not collapse, and cannot be tucked away in a box, but that is only because they are not absolutely perfect philosophical or scientific debaters, but chance to be human beings as well.

They have, however, that business on hand which is fatal to genuine talking. They must keep going along the straight road, dare not look over hedgerows, take a leap into a field, or sail away into the blue. And this is precisely what genuine talkers are for ever doing. Freedom to wander is of the essence of the matter. There must not be something to be dispatched in so many sentences. It is not strictly true to say that talk exists for its own sake, for nothing in this world exists for its own sake except a strictly limited number of values (and they, after all, are not in this world); talk exists that there may be communication between ardent and sensitive spirits, so that personalities may blossom in company. But beyond that it must have no reason for its existence; a hundred and one things may come of it, new monthly reviews and trips to the Carpathians and ruined kingdoms and babies, but these are only indirect products of its activity, its random scattering of seed. In itself it is as near to being completely satisfying as anything in this imperfect world. This does not mean that we never tire of it; we are so made that we tire of anything and everything, but that is our frailty, and not the fault of our diversions, least of all that of talking. We are seldom tired of that, not, that is, of the genuine thing, for all the other forms of speech soon pall. Nor, you will have noticed, is there any end to it. You may conclude a discussion, a debate, a symposium, and so forth, for such affairs are only begun to be concluded; they "grow to a point"; you can see in them a size and shape. But genuine talk streams on for ever. You may have to cut it off, but you cannot really end it. You have merely had one piece of it, and soon you will return

—if you are wise—for another piece. Talk might be compared to a kind of territory; one can get *into* it and out of it—probably that is why people say they got *into* talk with some one—but there, as it were, it remains all the time. Never do you feel that you have really put an end to it; you have simply moved away from it. Somewhere or other (to return to the earlier metaphor) it is there, streaming on. We have but to search out the right company, and in we plunge again, to find we have a greater kingdom at our command than ever had Prester John.

Between these two extremes, of idle chatter and close debate, talk is to be found. It is not, however, a mere compromise between the two, let us say industrious chatter or debate and water. No, it is a new element in intercourse. There must be present in it both ideas and autobiography. If one of them is entirely absent, the resulting talk will be flavourless, insipid. By ideas I mean, of course, theorymongering in all its forms, particularly those large generalizations that always make some dons and little critics so angry. It is true that there can be too many of them in writing, but it is difficult to have too many in talk, and it is equally difficult to have them too large and too loose. Give me, for a companion, the man who every now and then launches, with the ghost of a grin haunting his eager face, a perfectly monstrous generalization. A pair or trio of talkers that does not set free within the hour at least half-a-dozen of these huge gaily-coloured balloons of speculative thought is a company that is not making the most of its time. But while there must be ideas, they must not be grappled with too seriously; they must not be hunted down, killed, stuffed, and labelled. Nor must they be juggled with too easily. There is a right attitude towards these things; it may be expressed in a soaring eagerness just touched with humour or in a quiet earnestness spiced delicately with irony, and you find it in all the best talkers. Pater, after accusing Coleridge of "an excess of seriousness arising from a misconception of the perfect manner," points out to us how Plato, "a true humanist, holds his theories lightly, glances with a somewhat blithe and naïve inconsequence from one view to

another, not anticipating the burden of importance 'views' will have one day for men." That is the right attitude for philosophical writing; and for talk, the same attitude loosened and lightened, touched with both enthusiasm and humour, is perfect.

The autobiographical element in talk covers all the odd judgments, tastes, whims, and prejudices that may be set forth by the talker and gives it his personal colouring; and with them go the occasional instances and scraps of experience. Talk may be made up entirely of this autobiographical matter, but never the best talk. There must be some admixture of ideas, which give the talk form and shape just as the other gives it colour. When the two are mingled, not in distinct slabs side by side, but thoroughly combined so that they could not be separated, we have the talk it is the purpose of this essay to celebrate. It is, of course, a common fault of the old to over-indulge in the autobiographical, though at times this may be so rich and strange that we forgive the grave disproportion. They have long ceased to play with ideas; their opinions have been held so long that they appear, to more youthful minds, to be transformed into whims and prejudices; such ideas as they bring forward seem as personal as a taste in cheese; and, therefore, all to us is autobiographical. Eager to restore the balance, we rush from their company into that of some young theorist who is all ideas and has not yet achieved personality. But when we are for talk we avoid both parties, and look for that consummate mingling, for theories coloured by personality, autobiography enriched by ideas, which is the secret of the noblest traffic in words.

You may approach the matter another way by declaring that there are in talk three factors to be considered: one's own self, the other self (or selves) concerned, and everything outside those selves, which we may call the world. All three must have their turn, their place at the board, a fair share of attention. One must do justice to one's self, one's opinions, tastes, whims, experiences, odd fancies. That sounds easy enough, and it is easy enough for most of us; but there are those, the shy, the reticent, who may

not necessarily be tongue-tied, but who cannot contrive to adopt themselves as a subject, cannot admit you into the inner secrets of their minds and hearts, who do not find it easy. Frequently they are near to being the salt of the earth, infinite in kindness and long-suffering, but as companions for talk they are faulty. They destroy the proper balance, and they encourage us, their fellow-talkers, to neglect to do what we do not find easy to do in any company. For one must also do justice to the other selves, which must be recognized as having a real existence, the kindred of one's own. And this is certainly not so easy as it sounds. The greater part of our speech is exchanged with what we regard as quaint mechanisms, cunningly shaped and coloured like ourselves, but yet merely things that can listen, can be impressed, can answer, that are capable of action, but have no insides, and if we prick them do not bleed. We spend not a little of our time (if we are unfortunate, we spend most of it) moving among and occasionally addressing property figures, ourselves being no better than property figures to them. But here and there are creatures, not very different externally, who seem to be beings of another order of creation, for we know that they are actually real people like ourselves. There is something inside them that can be hurt, soothed, touched with delight; they dream, wonder, grow fearful or angry just as we do; their bodies house, their eyes reflect, another self so like our own, and yet so fascinatingly different; and all this we know, and even if we would (and it is perhaps the supreme sin to attempt it) we could not turn them into mechanisms, breathing shadows. And it is with these real people, and with them alone, we talk. The other selves have to be recognized or nothing can be exchanged, nothing communicated.

There is still the third factor, namely, everything outside the selves, the world. Talk can go forward without it, and frequently does at first, when the selves are delightedly playing Crusoe and Man Friday. The you-and-me, me-and-you traffic is by no means to be despised. This is the talk of lovers, and with some appropriate accompaniments, moons and music, the bright commerce of eyes, wine and roses in the blood, it can be

matchless, unforgettable, a madrigal of a lost May morning. But, even with lovers, it cloys in time. The moment comes when it degenerates into either cooing or bickering, a passing of sweetmeats or a stab and a thrust. Talk sooner or later demands the presence of the world, that huge football which self tosses to self, that gigantic roast at which there is for ever cut and come again; and then, indeed, there is play, there is dining. You are in it, and I am in it, and between us we sack the world, piling up its jewels and fabrics with a mere rapid barter of exclamations, burning whole palaces with a remark, wrestling for cities, marching together over continents, balancing empires on the turn of a phrase. That is talk. There we sit at ease, merely exchanging words, and yet we parade in magnificence, we run, leap, wrestle, we dwindle into maggots crawling under black night, we expand and dilate until our shadows darken the world, and we could pluck from their ether red Betelgeux and Aldebaran; and as experience chimes on experience, a thousand little pictures flicker before our eyes, people and cities loom and fade like dreams, we gaze through the windows our fellow-talkers uncover for us and live intensely in moments of our own past as we recover them, hurrying through a thousand little dramas; and as we warm to the work, we can recast our destiny between some score pulls at a pipe, condemn whole races to the galleys, and bathe others in beauty and light, and within the space of ten remarks we can go into the wilderness, receive our commands from Heaven after the first mouthful of wild honey, and return, roaring doom, to the market-place; and then, as idea chases idea, and the hunt is up with Truth mocking from every thicket, the entire cosmos takes shape after shape in our hands, we dizzily build up our own universes and knock down our companions', or together, at last superbly unanimous, we fling in the last few constellations, banish the Devil, sweep humanity from West Ham to Paradise, and bid the eternal choir sound the "Amen."

The Jubilee Wimbledon

By Lieut.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

To one who can claim in a small way to come from a lawn tennis family and whose father bought, perhaps, one of the first "sets" to be imported into Yorkshire, there was something intensely stirring in the sight of a red carpet laid on the sacred grass of the centre court, and the passing along it of a stream of almost legendary figures whose names had been familiar since childhood. For some reason one had never really appreciated the youth of the game, and it was almost a shock to see in the flesh P. F. Hadow—who won the second championship in 1878 mainly owing to his enforced invention of the lob stroke, to meet the situation of finding himself faced by "a tall, long-legged and long-armed man sprawling over the net, ready to reach over at the ball before it had even reached the net," the now familiar passing shot down the side lines being at that date practically impossible owing to the net being some eighteen inches higher at the sides than at the centre of the court. The spider-shaped man—whose description is quoted from a letter written by Mr. Hadow to Mr. Wallis Myers, published in the official "Fifty Years of Wimbledon"—was, of course, Spencer W. Gore, the first All-England Lawn Tennis Champion. Mr. Gore, who, alas, was not among the survivors to receive a commemoratory medal from the hand of the Queen, had himself made history in the course of the first meeting in 1877 by introducing the novelty of going up to the net and volleying. The order of appearance of these strokes is interesting, because it is the reverse of what might have been expected, the lob seeming a much more primitive shot than the volley. The latter aroused great controversy, chiefly from a stroke by Gore, in the challenge match which he lost to Hadow, when he reached over and volleyed a ball before it had crossed the net. This was declared not to be a breach of the laws, and the practice was not made illegal until 1880, at the same time that touching the net was penalized by the loss of the stroke—but in the meantime bitter argument reigned on the subject of the volley, and at one time it was proposed that the stroke should be barred altogether. Anyone

who this year saw Cochet's match against Vincent Richards, or Miss Mary Browne's adroit backhand volleys against Mlle. Lenglen, will be glad that the reactionaries of 1878 did not gain the day. I was reminded of the similar controversy over the matter of touching the net while watching the match between Kinsey and Gilbert this year, when the Englishman laid his hand on the post to save himself from falling, after rushing for one of Kinsey's screw drops; and I could not help wondering how many of the spectators knew that Gilbert thereby would have lost the point even if his return had dropped in, which in point of fact it did not. Mention of the titanic second round struggle between Cochet and Richards this year—surely one of the best all-round expositions of the game ever seen—reminds me of a remark of Mr. Henry Jones ("Cavendish," the famous writer on the game) after the meeting of 1877—also quoted by Mr. Wallis Myers—that "It is hopeless to expect exceptional umpires at Wimbledon; players must take the chance of a mistake, which, after all, is as fair to one side as to the other." Both Richards and Cochet suffered many times from the delay by a linesman in calling a fault, which is always upsetting and liable to cause the server to put his second shot into the net—as, indeed, happened in this match. Worse than that, however, were two extremely doubtful decisions at a critical stage of the fourth set when two successive serves by Cochet obviously appeared to Richards—and, I may say, to many of the spectators—to be faults, though not given as such. To my mind, though I have not seen it referred to elsewhere, these decisions may have had some bearing on the result, as they seemed to unsettle Richards and it took him some time to get over it. The set was then in an early stage, and had he drawn level by winning it, the last set and the match would have been very open. It does not, of course, follow that he would have won, for Cochet was in form to beat almost anyone at that time, and was leading by two sets to one, and (I think) two games to one in the fourth and, as events proved, final set; but it was certainly the cause of a virtual collapse from which the American recovered too late to pull the match round.

The appearance of the Baddeley twins on the red carpet served as a reminder of the dominance of the

championship, except for occasional intermissions, by successive pairs of brothers for more than twenty years, from 1881 to 1902 when H. L. Doherty retired, the doubles championship having been finally wrested from him and "R. F." by S. H. Smith and F. L. Riseley the previous year. Seeing again the stalwart form of S. H. Smith, who preceded Riseley along the carpet, reminded me of the masculine drives of May Sutton (who was not present), for I remember some eighteen or nineteen years ago watching an exhibition match between these two in the course of the Northern Championships at, I fancy, Newcastle. Miss Sutton was, or seemed to be, at that time nearly as far ahead of her rivals as Mlle. Lenglen is to-day, but, of course, could not stand up against Smith's famous drives, though she had herself a remarkable forehand drive for a woman, and was at eighteen, when she first won the ladies' championship, a stronger player than the French player at the same age—unless my judgment is at fault through the deceptive recollections of youth. The Renshaws, between whom and the Dohertys the Baddeleys form a link, must, I suppose, have passed away long ago, though not, I imagine, before 1911, since I do not find their names in the "Dictionary of National Biography," or the "Second Supplement," which ends at that date. They will, no doubt, be included in the supplement covering the years 1912 to 1921 (which is, I believe, shortly to be published), as lawn tennis champions will presumably be considered worthy of inclusion along with famous cricketers.

The exhibition ladies' double between Mlle. Lenglen (France) and Miss Ryan (America) against Mrs. Godfree (England) and Miss Bowman (Holland)—in the absence of Senorita de Alvarez (Spain)—won by the latter pair at 8—6, foretold for the discerning the subsequent sensation of the meeting, for Mlle. Lenglen was manifestly not in her usual form. It was a pity that her behaviour, more in keeping with the rôle of a spoilt darling of the footlights than of the leading feminine exponent of a great game, robbed her of the sympathy which was her due at having to retire through ill-health in the jubilee year at Wimbledon. Borotra was well rewarded, by winning the championship, for his appalling bad luck in losing his mixed doubles partner as well as Lacoste, with whom he would undoubtedly have beaten

Brugnon and Cochet, the eventual winners of the doubles championship. It was most interesting to watch Borotra gradually find his game during the fortnight. An injury to his back during the French championships had resulted in his starting the meeting short of practice, and he did not appear really to come into form until the final, when, after playing cautiously in the first set while becoming familiar with Kinsey's cut-drops and screw shots, he won with great ease. The decryers of England's prowess at games were belied by Mrs. Godfree's double victory in the ladies' singles and, with her husband, in the mixed doubles. She is a dour fighter who, after—unusually for her—starting well, lost the second set against Senorita de Alvarez, only to make a fine recovery, when down 1—3 in the final set, and win five games in succession to carry off the championship. The Spanish girl displayed the expected lack of stamina and, having up to that point looked the fresher of the two, visibly "cracked" quite suddenly when the turn of the game came in the third set. Their convincing defeat of Vincent Richards and Miss Ryan in the mixed doubles semi-final made the final a practical certainty for Mr. and Mrs. Godfree, if they could retain that form and she was not too tired after her single earlier in the afternoon. Fortunately she had time for a long rest, and after a tough struggle in the first set they won the second comparatively easily, although not playing so well as the day before. Miss Browne appeared to be playing better than her partner, H. Kinsey, whose weakness on the backhand was even more apparent than in the finals of the singles or men's doubles. Probably, however, he was tired after his four set doubles final. On this occasion Richards was very erratic and apparently he and Kinsey found Brugnon's service, and his and Cochet's equal, if not superior, volleying powers, more than they had expected to meet. This match, by the way, like the singles final, revealed again the unsatisfactory nature of the line-keeping. It always amazes me that it is not thought necessary to provide a watcher over the side-lines at each end of the court, at any rate in the finals. Borotra, in the singles final, generously insisted upon a shot which he had put out being recorded as such, although the linesman had failed to see it owing to the intervention of the net cord. On a later occasion in the same match

Kinsey had to hit a shot deliberately out to rectify a decision wrongly given against Borotra, and there were similar incidents all through the tournament, particularly in the men's doubles final.

The surface of the centre court was by no means up to standard this year. It had clearly been played on too much before the meeting opened, as the back lines were quite worn away before a ball was played. Consequently, by the time the finals were reached, the areas immediately behind the back lines were little better than sand heaps, and balls pitching just out threw up a cloud of dust which was indistinguishable from—and frequently mistaken for—chalk. This effect had also been contributed to by over-rolling, which had so bound the soil together that the grass had been practically destroyed. This was, no doubt, the result of anxiety to rival the Continental hard courts in accuracy of bound, but it quite took away all character as a "grass" court.

Particularly striking this year was the revelation of the differing characteristics of the various nations, as exemplified with surprising consistency by their several representatives. The Americans displayed a cold, calculating efficiency of machine-like precision, with little or no display of emotion of any kind—the only exception I noticed being Richards's boyish hilarity at Mishu's "comic" serves. Their attitude was typified in Miss Browne's naïve criticism in an evening paper that English players will insist upon treating lawn tennis as a game! The Continental players, while taking the game no less seriously, have an extra touch of inspiration in their play, which is entirely lacking in the Americans, and renders them less orthodox in their methods. The English representatives, almost without exception, seemed to me to have a certain "amateurishness," not so much in their actual strokes as in their general attitude towards the game. They seemed to be there far more for their own enjoyment than—with the exception of Borotra and perhaps Mishu—the representatives of the other nations. That this is not necessarily a defect, as other nations seem to think it, was shown by the successes of Mr. and Mrs. Godfree, and the fine fight C. H. Kingsley put up in the semi-final.

The First Sea-Bathing

By Edmund B. d'Auvergne

WATER, our ancestors would have admitted, was a good friend to man. When wine and beer were wanting, it might be drunk in moderation. Floors could be cleaned with it. The hands should even be washed in it daily. From time to time the body might be wiped with it, almost all over. But these uses were confined to fresh water. As to sea water . . . well, fish lived in it, that extraordinary and uncouth race of men, mariners, sailed upon it; occasionally, you had to venture your life upon it in ships; but—who but a madman would plunge in it, want to look at it, rejoice in it?

Who but a madman? For madmen, indeed, it was excellent. Lunatics were, in fact, the originators of sea-bathing. All the mediæval doctors indicated salt water, taken externally and internally, as the specific for insanity. Somewhere in the fifteen hundreds, a traveller going by sea to Antwerp was interested to discover four or five disordered-looking passengers chained up on deck. On inquiry, he learnt that they were mentally afflicted persons sent to undergo the sea-bath treatment. The curious traveller looked on, while the lunatics, protesting violently, were lowered over the side by means of a rope tied securely round the waist, and submerged for the space in which one could recite an *Ave Maria*. Three dips were administered each day. In obstinate cases, the time of immersion might be measured by a *miserere* instead of an *ave*.

In cases of hydrophobia, the sea was obviously the cure. Not only for human beings. One of Henri Quatre's dogs having been bitten, was sent by his loving master for treatment to Dieppe. As it happened, the governor of that seaport was a young cavalier who had been unlucky enough to offend the King. He saw his chance and profited by it. He took it upon himself to duck the Royal dog according to the medical directions and between-whiles,

entertained him "to sumptuous banquets." The dog returning to court not only in his right mind but several pounds heavier than when he departed, the *Roi galant* inquired into the method of his cure, with the result that the governor of Dieppe was restored to Royal favour and to a greater degree than before.

About seventy years later, so Mme. de Sévigné tells us, three court ladies, Mmes. de Ludres, Coëtlogon, and "the little Rouvroi," were bitten by a dog which died mad. Thereupon, most dolefully, they set out for Dieppe. "Can't you picture Ludres," screamed Mme. de Sévigné, "chained like Andromeda to a rock?" Ludres and her companions came back, presumably cured, since none of them went mad, but they were overwhelmed with shame, because the sea had seen them all naked! In the seventeenth century no one ever completely undressed.

The credit of discovering that a dip in the sea might really be enjoyed belongs appropriately to our maritime nation. The fashion is commonly supposed to owe its popularity to a certain Doctor Russel, who about the middle of the eighteenth century produced a much-talked-of treatise on the merits of salt-water bathing; but as far back as 1736 a few Englishmen, to all other appearance sane, liked splashing about in the sea, and would put up with a great deal of discomfort at the wretched village of Brighthelmston in order to do it. By the year 1770 Margate also had become a recognized health and pleasure resort and sea-bathing was all the rage.

The new treatment was not, it may be supposed, appreciated by everybody. The compiler of "The Margate Guide" (1770) transcribes a conversation with a gentleman in the gallery of the bathing establishment, who cut short a discussion on the therapeutic value of the bath by the trite observation, "It will wash you clean, however, if it does nothing else." This gentleman wore a night cap and gold-laced hat, and was wrapped in a greatcoat with a silk handkerchief tied round his neck. In reply to the inquiry, "You don't bathe, sir?" he delivered himself as follows:—

"Bathe, sir? No, truly, not I; 'tis diversion enough

to see others do it. Wet or dry, none will be out of the fashion—I see all the folks here, young and old, take to the water as naturally as the duck; by what one hears at this place, if it were not for broken limbs, all the hospitals might be shut up."

"You are happy, sir," said our informant, "to be in no need of the treatment."

"I beg your pardon of that," replied my gentleman, presenting me with such an enriched full face as could not have obtained its colouring at small expense, "if I have no demand, sir, my physician has sent me from London for three months on a fool's errand—and yet he is an honest fellow, too, and I follow his rules, but he prohibits my morning *whet*, denies me good sauce and Cayenne pepper with my fish, drenches me with salt water and mutton broth, and obliges me to sit and walk for as many as two hours every morning by the seaside, and as many after dinner to smell the sea mud—and who the devil could persuade one that a bad stomach could be mended by anything that did not go into it through the natural channel of the mouth?"

Perhaps the rubicund, choleric gentleman was not so far wrong. The air of Margate would hardly be recommended nowadays for his sort of trouble.

Margate was at this time "a most polite and genteel" resort where "ladies of *the most refined delicacy* could indulge in the salubrious exercise of sea-bathing." Out of consideration for their modesty, a respectable Quaker named Benjamin Beale had lately invented the bathing-machine. This useful contrivance differed somewhat from the fast-disappearing machine familiar to us. It is shown in the 1770 print as a huge four-wheeled vehicle, like a wagon, with a capacious awning or "umbrella" at the rear. When the machine was driven up to the bathing establishment, this canopy was let down over the steps so that the blushing bathers could step in and out unseen by the vulgar and the curious.

In those days, and for years after, nobody knew how to swim, so the "guide" or "bather" was an almost indispensable assistant. He or she was invariably a person of the amplest dimensions and balloon-like buoyancy, whom the strongest tide could not carry

away—a case-hardened old longshoreman or his seasoned dame who would duck you, hold you secure in their arms, and guarantee you against drowning for the reasonable price of 1s. 3d., machine included. "Gentlemen bathing themselves" paid only a shilling.

These were the Margate rates. Before we leave that elegant resort, attention should be drawn to another pastime very popular there. "When the tide has ebbed, many persons go on the sands to collect pebbles, seaweed, shells, etc. Some of these weeds spread upon writing-paper, extended with a needle and pressed between boards, form an infinite variety of landscapes in beautiful colours." The worst of it was that to enjoy these dissipations many people had to come from London by the *hoy*, a passage usually taking eight or ten hours and costing half a crown. Though "the masters were decent, careful men, who allowed no impropriety which they could prevent," the passage was not recommended "to ladies of great delicacy."

Brighton catered for the more fashionable world and did not bother so much about delicacy. There were no "umbrellas" on the machines there, and bathing from the actual beach, if you please, had only been put a stop to by smart fines. There was such a demand for machines that people used to ride or row out to meet them and fight for admission, the Regency bucks sometimes sending their footmen to reserve their places. Low fellows inspected the bathers "through telescopes, not only as they were arising confusedly from the sea, but as they kicked and sprawled and floundered about its muddy margin, like so many mad naiads in flannel smocks."

The Germans were the first of the continental nations to get the seaside habit. Doberan on the Baltic was frequented for its bathing as far back as 1796. The French waited three-quarters of a century to follow our lead. In 1812 Queen Hortense visited Dieppe, bringing with her the future Napoleon III, who played on the beach dressed in a Turkish costume. Bathing-machines of a new type were in use here. You dropped through a trap in the floor into a sort of basket where you could take your dip without the fear, ever haunting bathers' minds in those days, of being carried away.

But Hortense, we are told, bathed only once or twice. Dieppe was left for another dozen years to the lunatics and mad dogs.

It was the adventurous little Duchesse de Berry, the mother of the Comte de Chambord, who really led the fashionable world of France to the seaside. She came to Dieppe in 1824 and 1825 and bathed every day. And, which seemed very marvellous in those days, she was able to swim. Not, of course, that she dispensed with the services of a "bather," a valiant and experienced salt named Courseaux. When her Royal Highness went to bathe, she was escorted by the Director of the Baths, an elegant person clad in evening dress and white gloves, who took her by the finger and walked with her a little way into the water!

At that moment a gun announced that her Royal Highness was really in!

The Royal Duchess's example seemed so far likely to find imitators that the Parisian fashion journal *Le Journal des Dames et des Modes* thought fit to give its readers some practical hints on the subject:—

> In sea-bathing you sit or stand on the shore, taking care that someone holds you from behind by the hands, lest the wave in receding carry you with it. If you dress too hastily, a certain moisture will be perceived on the skin; for sea water moistens you twice over, and you must dry yourself twice. Another excellent precaution is to wear a woollen shift. This will not reveal the form, and with it on you can take a sea bath in presence of seamen and other curious observers.

What would this prudish *arbiter elegantiarum* have thought of the all-revealing costumes worn by the beautiful bathing nymphs depicted in our illustrated journals to-day!

The Isle of Man

By The Rt. Hon. Lord Raglan

THE Editor has asked me, as one who has spent many holidays in the Isle of Man, to give a description of its charms for the holiday-maker, and prompted by many pleasant memories I gladly do so. I shall not review the attractions which the island shares with Blackpool and Southend, or the facilities which it affords to the golfer or tennis player, but devote myself to a description of those features which give it its unique interest and charm.

The island consists of a chain of heather-covered mountains, from which on the east and south-west many streams run through deep glens into the sea, of a northern plain, much of which is occupied by marshes called the Curraghs, and of a small south-eastern plain rising gently to the mountain chain, which is intersected in the centre by a valley running right across the island. This configuration gives rise to an extraordinary variety of things to be seen. The mountains, headed by Snaefell, 2,034 ft. high, from which on a clear day there is a wonderful view of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, are occupied by grouse in considerable numbers, and terminate, at the extreme south-west, in magnificent cliffs, on which thousands of sea-birds, gulls, razorbills, guillemots, etc., make their nests. The wooded glens contain many picturesque waterfalls, and the lowlands by the mildness of their climate permit the cultivation of palms and other sub-tropical plants which in England will not thrive anywhere but in Cornwall. There is a profusion of small bird life, especially in the Curraghs, and the rivers, though small, are a favourite haunt of the salmon.

The island has been inhabited since very early times. The pre-historic inhabitants, probably of the Iberian race, seem to have lived principally in the south, where their T-shaped stone graves containing earthenware urns full of ashes have been found in several places. One of their villages still exists on the Meayll Hill, near Port St. Mary.

The Manx language belongs to the same family as Gaelic and Erse, and it is, therefore, probable that the

island was overrun by the first (Goidelic) Celtic invasion, which took place about 1000 B.C., but not by the second (Brythonic), which overran England, Wales and most of Scotland about six hundred years later.

Christianity was introduced into the island at a very early period, traditionally by St. Patrick and his disciples. Traces of this early Christianity are to be seen in the small stone chapels or keills found all over the island, many of which have been excavated by that indefatigable antiquary Mr. P. M. C. Kermode.

Some centuries later, probably in the tenth century, when there was an exodus from Norway to escape the despotic rule of Harald Fairhair, the island was conquered by the Norwegians. One of the early results of this conquest was the evolution of a remarkable form of art, which is exemplified in the stone crosses found in many places. Largely owing to the efforts of my father,* they have been placed under cover at the various parish churches, and there is at the museum a complete set of casts, made by Mr. Kermode. The largest collection of the originals is at Maughold, near Ramsey. The crosses are Celtic in design, many of them quaintly, but skilfully, carved with scenes from the Volsunga Saga. Sigurd killing the dragon is a favourite subject.

The Norwegian settlements in Man and the Southern Hebrides coalesced into a "Kingdom of Man and the Isles," which continued till it was destroyed by Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert, who stormed Castle Rushen, then a keep in the Norman style, in 1313. Though many traces of Norwegian rule remain, the only surviving relic of the kingdom is the title of the bishop—"Sodor(ensium) et Man(niæ)," the Southern Hebrides and Man, formerly a diocese under the archbishopric of Trondhjem.

The Scotch had not long occupied the island when they were turned out by King Edward III, and it is, I believe, from this time that the law still on the statute book dates which ordains that every Scotsman shall leave the island forthwith on pain of losing his ears. This is said to have been effectively quoted to Governor Loch on some occasion when he tried to insist too rigidly on the letter of the law.

* The third Baron Raglan, Governor of the Isle of Man, 1903—1919.

The kings of England handed the island over to various noblemen in succession, Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, and, finally, Stanley, Earl of Derby, in whose family it remained for over two centuries, and then descended through an heiress to the Duke of Atholl. Though entitled to the style of "King of Man," they thought it more politic to use the style of "Lord," which gradually became the accepted style. The pride of the Derby family in their kingdom and Manx castle is well illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak."

The Dukes of Atholl remained undisturbed till the time of the Napoleonic wars, when the island, being outside the control of the excise officers of the Crown, became a centre of the smuggling industry. Large vaults, said to have been used at the period, are still shown at Peel and elsewhere, and it appears that all classes, not excepting, it is rumoured, the Duke himself, proceeded to make hay while the sun shone. The English Government decided that the only way to stop it was to take over the island, so they bought the Duke out. He continued, however, for some years in the possession of certain rights and privileges.

Of the recent history of the island it is only necessary to say that in the middle of the last century it was given a democratic constitution under a lieutenant-governor (strictly speaking, the King is the governor), appointed by the Crown. Perhaps under this constitution the powers exercised by the Lieut.-Governor and the Home Secretary are more conducive to stable administration than consistent with the principles of strict democracy.

All minerals belong to the Crown, and the Crown Receiver, or Seneschal, receives from the moar, appointed by each parish, the Lord's rents, such of them as are not commuted, paid by the treens and quarter-lands into which the parishes are divided. The island is divided into six "sheadings," thought to mean "ship things," districts which had to produce a ship for the Norse kings.

There are many other survivals and peculiarities in the insular institutions, but the holiday-maker is unlikely to meet with them, unless he happens to be on the island on July 5, when the laws passed during the year are promulgated from Tynwald Hill in English and Manx.

Tynwald, the parliament field, is a Norse institution. There are half a dozen places called Tynwald, variously spelled, in Caithness, Wirral, and other parts of the British Isles, but that at St. John's is the only one which still functions. It is an artificial mound said to be made of earth from all the parishes in the island. The ceremony is attended by all the insular notables, who take their appointed places on the tiers of which the hill is composed. Overlooking Tynwald Hill is Slieu Whallin, down which in former days, it is said, witches were rolled in barrels lined with nails.

The chief building of historical interest is Castle Rushen, the seat of government from time immemorial till half a century ago. Used during recent times as a barracks and prison, it was full of excrescences of all kinds when my father set to work to clear it out. I put in many hours' work there, and can well remember our excitement when behind the plasterwork of a cell we found the kitchen fireplace. Built about 1100 as a square keep, which was incorporated in a fourteenth-century castle, it is now the most perfect and beautiful example of the military architecture of the latter period in existence. It was, of course, impossible to restore it completely, as this would have involved the destruction of the seventeenth-century house in which the Earls of Derby lived, and the removal of "Queen Elizabeth's clock," which really dates from about 1700.

Peel Castle, though romantically situated on a rocky islet, is less interesting, as the soft red sandstone of which it is built has largely perished. The ruins of the cathedral are beautiful, and the gatehouse, the haunt of the spectral black dog mentioned in "Peveril of the Peak," is an imposing building.

There are many legends and superstitions on the island. Some are connected with Godred Crovan, the most famous of the Norse kings, who, under his popular name of "King Orry," has absorbed the attributes of his mythical predecessor, Mananaan Mac-y-Lir, whose accomplishments included the power of making the island vanish in the mist when enemies sought to attack it.

It is said that in many cottages "rosy basins" are still filled with food and put for the fairies. It is unlikely, however, that the holiday-maker will gain much information

on such points. If he starts to ask questions he will find, to quote the Manx poet T. E. Brown, that:

> . . . that's the way with the Manx; aw, it is though, aw,
> they are, they are
> Mos' despard shy; aw, it's a pity for all, but star'
> They will, and wink and nudge and poke and bother,
> And spit theer and laugh, and look like axin' one another—
> And all the time bitendin' to be as cool as cool.

Though there are flourishing Manx colonies in many parts of Australia, Canada, and the United States, the stay-at-home Manx are still very parochial. The world is divided into "the island" and "across the water," and those in the north talk of the south of the island as if it were another country. The surnames are peculiar. Most of them begin with C. K. or Q, which is "Mac" without the "Ma." These names are still largely confined to parishes, and you would not be far wrong if you guessed that a Kerruish came from Maughold or a Cregeen from Rushen.

Apart from the business of hotel and boarding house keeping, largely run by outsiders, the chief industry is agriculture, the absence of frost making root crops especially profitable. Manx farmers, like Scotch lairds, are called by the names of their farms, most of which begin with "Balla—." It is remarkable that, while the Norse ruled the island for more than three centuries and gave names to most of the coastal features, the inland names, like the language, are almost purely Celtic.

It may be, of course, that the holiday-maker takes no interest in archæology or etymology, but is desirous merely of a holiday in the open air. The island is well suited for all sorts of visitors. Douglas caters successfully for the tripper, with dancing and music and abundant sunshine. But Douglas only takes up two or three of the 227 square miles of the island, and outside it one can easily get beyond the railways and chief charabanc routes.

The steep, rocky coast between Peel and Port Erin, the wide sands of Ramsey Bay, the heather-covered slopes of North Barrule, and many other places full of natural beauty may be enjoyed by those who prefer to study Nature in quietude.

The scenery of the Isle of Man can, item for item, be excelled by other holiday resorts, but in no place that I have seen or heard of is there so great a variety of interest and charm within so small an area.

Latif——

By G. Harrison-Mathews

MAHMOUD HAROUN granted his lieutenant thirty trotting camel-paces of time in which to make his peace with Allah. Then, with his own hand, he buried the silver dagger in the traitor heart.

Such is the conclusion of a story told of the renowned Arab raider, beneath the well-baked walls of old Es-Sa'al, at *Shah-i-Barat* and similar festival nights.

The tale usually follows some of the more terrible stories and briefly runs thus:

The lieutenant had dared to smile on a stranger woman. Nay, more, he had made love to her.

Now the possible consequences of such folly may be measured in five words: love—woman—babble—betrayed secrets.

Mahmoud Haroun might well have had him put to death like a mongrel cur at the hands of one of his cut-throat followers. Yet he allowed the defaulter ample time to prepare himself, and then sent him swiftly along the great pathway, opening the gates with his own beloved dagger, held in his own august hand. Mahmoud Haroun, then, in spite of the cruel stories told of him, could be *latif*—compassionate—a gentleman.

. . . . .

Abdul Hamid, vendor of sweetmeats, picked his way through the noisy, ragged crowd, crying his toothsome wares.

But the heart of Abdul Hamid was heavy within him, so that he contributed little to the babbling noises that swept through the sweltering *suq* in one incessant roar.

What matter to him though Mahmoud Haroun's men had sacked Jalileh, but twenty miles distant; that nothing now marked the site of that village save corpses of men and smouldering ruins? How may a man lend ear to the chatter of bazaar idlers while the hot irons of torture sear his very soul? Was not the sweet Miriam,

his girl-wife, even now watching over a dying baby, with agony-clouds veiling the love shine in her eyes ?

The sweet-seller dived into the quieter side turnings, informing all who cared to listen that Hussein Ali's confections stood unrivalled in all Es-Sa'al. Sometimes he passed through narrow passages into dirty little courtyards, where veiled women came from balconies to select their favourite delicacies.

So went Abdul Hamid till noon turned to evening and evening to night, when he turned his fatigued steps homeward, carrying his oftentimes emptied tray upon his head.

Thus far the sweetmeat-vendor had shown scant interest in the scrap of news which had drawn the people from their houses, and which, even now, they turned over and over as a pariah dog reverses a sun-bleached bone.

Nevertheless, he was unable to resist the temptation of inquiring into the matter that now held the crowd's attention about the ramshackle *zabtiyah*. He saw a notice fastened up, offering one hundred liras to such as could furnish information concerning Mahmoud Haroun's whereabouts. The proclamation also showed a picture of the notorious raider.

When the sweet-seller's eyes fell on the fine black moustache of the wanted man, he gave a sudden start, then hastily withdrawing himself he hurried home.

Within doors, Abdul Hamid remained long, sitting upon his heels and dreamily puffing at his *huqqa*.

That very day, on entering a courtyard he had observed a man with a handsome black moustache, who had immediately hurried from the balcony into a room and closed the door. Although this action implied some guilty motive, the sweet-seller had thought little of it until he had read the notice outside the police office.

A hundred liras ! Might he not then buy costly potions from Yakub Shadoul, the apothecary, to drive away the dreaded greenish tint from the baby's cheeks and so bring back the care-free smiles of his adored Miriam ?

Might he not, also, set up a sweetmeat business of his very own, instead of slaving for the miserable pittance he now received from the grasping Hussein Ali ? With fluttering heart the sweet-seller set out for the *zabtiyah*.

His thoughts were now so elated that he flung a hard-earned two-piastre piece at the beggar who cringed for alms outside the police office.

When the sweet-vendor had entered the building, the mendicant stood near the open-shuttered window, listening. He no sooner caught Abdul Hamid's first half-dozen words than he gathered his rags around him and made for the network of alleys near by and disappeared.

Some little time later, while the raider's men were moving through the town gates, there came a rapping on the door of the sweet-vendor's house.

"Who's there?" he called.

"'Tis well, Abdul Hamid," answered a voice, "we come from the *zabtiyah*, and would have a detail or two more."

Abdul Hamid unfastened the door and three men entered, two of whom immediately pounced on the sweet-seller, and proceeded to gag and bind him.

The third held a knife above Miriam, ready to strike if she uttered a sound.

So the informer, with his wife and child, were carried off to Mahmoud Haroun's camp, two and a half days' march from Es-Sa'al.

. . . . .

Abdul Hamid lay in a small tent thinking of nothing—nothing, for he dared not think. To his ears came the occasional plaint of a camel, and sometimes a short, coarse laugh from a tent close at hand.

Long since he had decided that should they bring Miriam and himself together before the raider, he would seize a dagger from the nearest girdle and kill his wife. For it were better that she go thus than await unnameable torture at the raider's hands. He would dispatch the baby in a like manner also if time permitted.

For himself he cared nothing.

But his simple plan was doomed to failure, for when they came to drag him into the presence of Mahmoud Haroun they secured him hand and foot.

The raider's tent was spacious and furnished as became a desert prince. From the walls hung finely-worked tapestries, heavy, gorgeous carpets covered the floor, while the sweet smell of incense filled the air.

Mahmoud Haroun sat upon silken cushions toying with the mouthpiece of a silver *huqqa*. After a while he dropped the tube, rose to his feet, and walked leisurely to the centre of the tent.

He motioned them to bring the woman prisoner forward.

"Well, woman," he said in a soft, purring voice, "what think'st thou of thy man now?"

"He—he is good and kind, master," she answered, after some hesitation. "It was but to save our—our baby, master, that Abdul Hamid sought to gain the reward." She paused, overcome, and then went on quickly: "O, see, master, our little one dies—dies for want of a little medicine from the *Kimawi!* It dies, master—it dies!"

"Oho," cut in the raider, with a short, grating laugh, "thou would'st touch the cold heart of Mahmoud Haroun, then, with baby tales!" And again came the laugh, like a saw that cut through bone. "What is't—a man-child?" he asked suddenly.

The woman fell to her knees.

"Nay, kind father, 'tis a girl—a sweet baby girl——" then seeing the lip curl scornfully beneath the black moustache, she went on despairingly:

"'Tis our love, good father, our life, our hope. 'Tis our all. O, good, kind father, spare us—spare us——"

Mahmoud Haroun had bent towards the child and was removing the face coverings. At the moment the baby awoke and lay staring up at the strange face above it. Then, suddenly, the tiny lips twitched, a gleam like soft starlight crept into the innocent eyes, and the baby smiled bewitchingly into the face of the feared thief of the desert.

For some seconds the man watched, spellbound—fascinated. Then he stiffened himself up again.

"Pooh," he muttered, "pooh, I have seen the like of it before."

Turning his attention next to Abdul Hamid he rolled him over with his foot, the better to see his face.

"Thou liest near to the ground, dog," he said sneeringly; "thou hast truly the air of a slinking jackal!"

The sweet-vendor remained silent.

"Hast thou no word to say for thyself?" thundered the raider, "*Ibn el khanzir*—thou vile pig's offspring?"

Abdul Hamid looked him full in the face.

"Mahmoud Haroun," he answered calmly, "I would say but one thing. My woman knew nothing of this matter until I returned from the *zabtiyah*. Therefore, *ya sidi*, I would crave that she be spared and that her punishment be added to mine."

The raider was somewhat taken aback at this reply.

"Thou speak'st fair, dog," he answered. "Such words seem strange, coming from a weak-gutted townsman—a lousy seller of sweetmeats. But there is like to be no more substance in them than in the puff-pastry of thy confections. But be it so—be it so."

And he forthwith gave orders that the woman should be provided with a parcel of food, and that a party of three should give her safe escort to within a reasonable distance of Es-Sa'al.

So they led her from the raider's tent, pleading for her man's life. Then Abdul Hamid was taken back and quietness hung over the camp. For hours the sweet-vendor sat with his knees drawn up and a blanket pulled tightly around him, for the night had grown cold.

At whiles he heard the soft pad of his watcher's feet and the rattle of his musket. But the fate that awaited him on the morrow held no terrors for him now; it seemed to him that the soul had already left his body, and was following his loved woman and the child back to old Es-Sa'al.

He caught sounds presently that told him that the raider's men had been aroused, and that preparations for striking the camp were going forward. Soon after they came for him and took him out into the brilliant light of the moon.

A party of kneeling men were loading their muskets, while one stood by a camel, ready for mounting.

Dazed, the prisoner heard Mahmoud Haroun's voice, cutting through the night like sharpened steel.

"Abdul Hamid," said the voice, "I give thee thirty trotting camel-paces of time in which to get without the range of our bullets. One volley shall be fired after thee."

The doomed man felt a parcel thrust into his hands.

"The way to Es-Sa'al," went on the almost feline voice, "lies towards the lone palm yonder, and thence over the tree-fringed rise to the left hand. *Ma'as-salamah bihifz il-lah*—a pleasant journey!"

The speaker's last words drew a subdued laugh from the kneeling men. Then Abdul Hamid felt a kick from behind and stumbled blindly forward towards his hopeless freedom.

Shortly after Mahmoud Haroun's sharp command came to him over the night wind:

"One volley—at the moon—Fire!"

A score of bullets whistled far above his head and went hissing away into the night.

The sweet-vendor ran, it seemed, for hours, and when his heart would let him go no farther, he dropped, fainting, to the ground.

The parcel he carried flew open in falling, and there rolled from amongst the victuals a coarse leathern bag.

The moonlight striking its gaping mouth showed the exhausted man the golden sheen of good Turkish liras—a hundred or more.

. . . . .

Abdul Hamid, the rich sweetmeat merchant, tells a pretty story of the renowned desert raider.

The tale is told beneath the well-baked walls of old Es-Sa'al at *Shah-i-Barat* and similar festival nights. It illustrates that Mahmoud Haroun, despite the cruel stories told of him, could be *latif*—compassionate—a gentleman.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL.

"I SEE," said Heddle, "that that chap Cook has been trying to get the German coal miners to stop producing coal for export to this country."

"To be sure he has," said Sergeant Murphy. "What else would he do? Hasn't he and the likes of him for years been tellin' the poor deludhered innocents that listen to thim that their fellah workmin on the Continent were at their back?

"'The day will come,' says he, 'whin the proletariat—meanin' you and all other comrades that aren't in arrears to the Union—will rise in wan grand gineral sthrike and face your inimy, the capitalist. Thin you'll see your comrades from Paris, your comrades from Amstherdam, your comrades from Berlin, your comrades from a divil of a lot of other outlandish places that I've only heard of recently, but which you'll find on anny self-respectin' map of Europe—you'll see thim, I say, risin' like wan man and bringin' the industhry of the whole Continent to a standstill.'

"'What about America?' says a voice.

"'America,' screams Cook. 'We've no thruck with America at all. The American workman doesn't deserve the name of workman. He works twice too much. He does piecework. He works overtime. He's a thraitor to the cause for which Lenin and Throtzky & Co. bled so many boorjews. In the books of the Workers' Inthernational America's written off.

"'No, comrades. We're placin' our thrust in the millions of class-conscious workers from the Seen to the Volga, and from the Rhine to the—to the—what the divil's the name of the river? There used to be a waltz named after it. The Blue Danube, of course. That's it—from the Rhine to the Danube. All these heroes are waitin' till they get the tip from me and other heads,

and thin be the Holy, they'll down tools everywhere, leavin' the coal mines, and railways, and breweries, and sauerkraut factories, and what not, derelict. Won't it be a laugh whin the capitalists start squealin' and comin' on their knees to us? They may resist, but if there's a mill, it will be the wan that forms part of the Millennium.'

"That was the thripe that was handed out from the tops of soap boxes be min that couldn't tell on oath if Turkey was next door to France, or round the corner from Russia.

"Thin the gineral sthrike did come last May, and immediately Cook and his mates sint round the fiery cross to their Continental comrades. But be the time it reached Paris and Berlin and the like it had turned to a double cross.

"Mind you, Heddle, there's a lot of excuse to be made for the European proletariats. Workin' eleven and twelve hours a day for an errand boy's wages are inclined to make a man think more of his intherests than of his principles, and the gineral sthrike here started a boom in thrade in Europe.

"'Carry on,' said Comrade Fritz, as he came up from the coal mine for air. 'The Inthernational Fedheration of Class-Conscious Proletarian Comrades is proud of you. Sorry I can't stop. I've a big job of work on with a lot of overtime attached. *Prosit.*'

"Hans of Amstherdam and Jules of Lille, and the others sint their cordial congratulations, and apologies that, owin' to the pressure of work, they were unable to line up with their British comrades. But they made aminds be goin' round with the hat for their binifit, and sums of ninety-seven debased francs, and two hundred and five more debased liars, and the like, were forwarded to England in those cases where the value of the collection exceeded the cost of postage.

"The wan bright shinin' exception to the scuttle of the Continental comrades was Russia. There the British Gineral Sthrike was celebrated be a gala performance of bare-legged dancers in Moscow, and be the joyous incarceration of a few thousand min and womin that didn't seem to be class-conscious enough. More than that, the Russian workers who had come into power through

the Revolution were docked—*nem* darin' to *con*—of tin per cint. of their bloatered wages, and this was dispatched with love and caviar-scinted kisses to the Sthrike Committees here—for services rendhered.

"And so it goes. Cook may talk till he's black in the face and sthrip himself to his singlet in his excitement, but the comrades across the Channel won't budge. They're with the British sthrikers, heart and soul—but only outside business hours."

The Tryst

By William Soutar

I WANDER on the lone hillside,
Unseen by shepherd or by sheep;
Beneath the open skies I bide:
I have a tryst to keep.

From dayspring unto eventide
My printless foot is on the steep;
Under the silent stars I bide:
I have a tryst to keep.

The reaper bares the furrow wide,
The sower turns again to reap;
But still I walk the mountain-side:
I have a tryst to keep.

High on the lone hill I must bide
About the barricades of sleep,
Lest my dead body, as a bride,
Come trysting up the steep.

Bach and Handel

By C. Howard-Jones

ANY foreigner attending the Handel festival at the Crystal Palace, with a chorus of thousands, and an audience of tens of thousands, including, possibly, the King and Queen, would say that at last he had discovered the musical soul of England. How is it that Handel makes this appeal to the plain Englishman? Is it the contour of his melodies, which fit the human voice more perfectly, perhaps, than those of any other composer, or is it the massive strength of his overtures, which express the breadth of the popular mood? Such questions would not have been asked sixty years ago, when Handel was still a national demigod. Then, our foreigner might have been correct; to-day, one would doubt his discovery. For Handel has a rival in our musical firmament, and that rival is Bach.

This conclusion flatters us. Though each played a noble part in the musical cosmos, their parts were very different, and Bach has, we think to-day, less showy qualities than Handel. As our temperament dislikes show, our taste is better than that of our fathers. But how do Bach and Handel differ? Bach, on a summary judgment, was a powerfully minded provincial, impelled by a spiritual aspiration which often led him to mysticism, a man who thought beautiful things rather than heard them, whose vision was of the whole in spirit as opposed to his intellect, so scrupulously wrapped in detail. Bach waited patiently for a couple of centuries in his Elysium of neglect, the walls of which were too lofty to admit of any recognition save by an occasional intruder of genius. A Mendelssohn, a Wesley, even a Beethoven, might peer through the cracks to witness an imagination at work a hundred years in advance of the music of his own age. But how can we use the word "age" in speaking of an artist who is ageless? In Bach the mediæval and the modern jostle one another, the music of the last five centuries, one might say, rubs shoulders. Now he is a pure polyphonist, deriving from Palestrina and the composers of that "angel music" which, like Milton's "Comus," is *ipsa mollities*, sweetness itself; and now he is building Cantatas upon the folk-hymns of northern Germany. And since music is an art useful for the

flattering of man as well as the praise of God, he is experimenting in French or Italian forms and thereby raising his ducal patrons in their own esteem. But remember that Bach is always the artist, and, whatever experiments he makes, writes with entire artistic sincerity. He was in his own sphere the most learned artist of his age. Not only did he look back and embrace the whole of contemporary music in his view, but also he looked forward and in things like the "Chromatic Fantasia" anticipated the harsh beauty of modern music. If a renaissance of music is possible to-day, Bach has laid the foundation-stone.

Handel, on the other hand, delved into melody with the freedom and simplicity which spring from the heart. Who ever wrote a melody greater than "Come unto Him"? Its lyric charm, its naïve simplicity, its religious gloom—all help to make it the thing of beauty it is. Handel was affected at times with the devastating disease of melancholia—great masters of melody usually are.

Although it is possible to take a definitive view of these contemporary giants, yet, for all this, one is bound to acknowledge an apparent paradox. Bach, so provincial in circumstance, was so daring in thought; Handel, so cosmopolitan in outlook, was in his art so stout a conservative. It is not what one would have expected. Now the world adores the one, who was forgotten forty years after his death, more than the other, who lived to reap the satisfaction of noble patronage, the appreciation of his music, and a great following in this country alone. It is strange, too, that Handel should have left no school capable of taking on his inspiration.

Time brings its changes, and to-day we are consigning to Bach the reverence paid to Shakespeare as one who accepted his fate and, like most great thinkers, clashed with his environment. Gray immortalized their suffering:

> Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Bach lives to-day, the virtue of his music surmounting all obstacles. The future may hold new messages in music, but few have given us greater than this master of the rhythmic throb in life, who is, as Schumann said, "the musician's daily bread."

All is within his music.

Terror and Pity

By Horace Shipp

Granite, by Clemence Dane. (Ambassadors.)
Oedipus at Colonus, by Sophocles. (Greek Play Society, Scala.)
A Month in the Country, by Ivan S. Turgenev. (Royalty.)

FEW things can be more interesting psychologically than the preparedness to suffer and agonize through the medium of a work of art. One would have said that life itself presented a sufficiency of difficulties, of problems, and even of misery to satisfy the human need in this direction. Yet great art, from the beginning of recorded time, has been tragic art. Nor is it only the Englishman, it would seem, who elects to take his pleasures sadly, for the three plays which have claim to greatness in the London theatre during the past month have hailed respectively from Greece of the 4th century B.C.; Russia of the nineteenth century, and contemporary England. No single age or country seems to have a monopoly of this desire to achieve the whole sensation of passionate living through the manageable proxy of tragic art. Some instinct for fullness of experience within us prompts us eternally to subject ourselves to these awful contacts of the human spirit with destiny, to leave the dead level of our normal lives for these adventures on its barren and lonely peaks and in its deeper abysses.

The methods of the Greek playwright and of the Greek theatre form an interesting comparison with the two modern plays. The recently formed Greek Play Society is performing a splendid function in presenting to us the great dramas of the period, both tragic and comic, in a manner approximating as nearly as possible to that of the actual Greek stage for which they were written: all male actors, a stage setting based upon the Greek theatre, and, as a most daring attempt to recapture the form, the use of masks by the actors.

Under these conditions the production takes on something of the ritualistic character of the Greek theatre. It deals with gods, not with grease-paint.

Naturally we find it difficult at first to adjust our minds to so stylized an art. We have grown used to watching an actor's face for expression, to looking for continually changing movement, swift action, subtle gesture. Of these things the Greek theatre gives us nothing; its language is not of realism, but of ritual. *Oedipus at Colonus*, thus presented, was a memorable thing. It had none of the belittling prettiness which threatens Greek drama produced in the usual terms of the West End stage; it remained great, stark, intellectually, if not emotionally, terrible. Some of the actors found the unaccustomed mask too difficult to cope with, and their voices came through muffled; but Robert Atkins as producer had done his work well, and the fine cast kept the production upon heroic levels. Percy Walsh as Oedipus, Ronald Nicholson's Antigone, and Wilfred Walter as Creon evoke especial praise. At moments the charm of Mr. Nicholson's voice and movements came perilously near to moving him out of Mr. Atkins's picture into something more emotional and breathingly human, but most of us felt this to be an adorable fault. The chorus, which must of necessity play so important a part in a Greek play, suffered from the cramping inseparable from the proscenium stage. Its movements and grouping designed by Daphne Jay were an interesting feature; one would only complain of the sentimental piper in leopard skin who accompanied them. She was Greco-Garden-suburb, and belonged to college, not to Colonus. Such slight errors apart, the work of the Society is a dignified contribution to the contemporary stage, and we wish it a long and successful career.

How different was Miss Clemence Dane's *Granite*. It is almost sheer terror. Sybil Thorndike's acting emphasizes its power emotionally and stifles any intellectual qualms we might have. The story of this woman trapped on the granite isle of Lundy by marriage with a husband hard as the rock itself, her prayers to the powers of evil for deliverance, the stranger who comes in half dead from the darkness (Is it man or devil? we ask, and throughout the play find it hard to tell), the murder of her husband by this newcomer, her marriage with his half-brother, and the terrible recommencement of the cycle

of her misery, then the second murder and the end when she is left alone with the thing that her own evil prayers have conjured, make a play terrible in the Grand Guignol manner. It has the weakness which Miss Dane's plays always seem to have: its characters are forced into the mould of its fable, they do not create it. Judith—especially as played by Sybil Thorndike—is too strong to be thus circumscribed by events; Prosper, the second husband, would not have done half the things his creator asserts. The moment the hypnotism is lifted we see how lacking in inevitability the play is; it gets hold of us while we watch because Clemence Dane can write powerful stuff and Miss Thorndike can act it and enhance its power. We are thrilled not by a glimpse of destiny, but by clever story-telling. *Granite* is a brilliant essay in the macabre, and as such it succeeds.

In contrast, the quiet little tragedy by the great Russian novelist is breathingly real. This is not story-telling: it is life. We are reminded distantly of the Tchehov plays by the quietude of the tones and the pity. It is all hopeless and inevitable from the start because we human beings are made of the stuff of life and love. It is hopeless because the people of the play are not big enough to deal with the passions they create. Here is no stage trickery—indeed, the construction is poor, and again and again threatens the structure of the play—but just a slight story of pitiable humanity. There is no scaling high places of human destiny, but a sudden gleam of tragedy illuminating the dead levels of every day.

Three methods, then, of the tragic Muse: the exaltation of the Greek; the terror for the woman caught in the nets of evil; the pity for these others like ourselves, but to whom life in its normal workings has proved hurtful. And from them all and in them all that strange exultation which comes through contact with tragic art.

Results of July Competition

1st Prize.—Mr. GEORGE BAKER, Addington Rd., Selsdon.

The Morning Post, July 8. From the speech of Mr. Rudyard Kipling at the Centenary Banquet of the Royal Society of Literature.

"Under these conditions has grown up in England a literature lavish in all aspects—lavish with the inveterate unthrift of the English, who are never happy unless they are throwing things away. By virtue of that same weakness, or strength, it overlaps so sumptuously that one could abstract and bestow from the mere wastage of any literary age since Chaucer's enough of abundance and enjoyment to quicken half a world. Those who study in the treasure houses of its past know what unregarded perfection of workmanship and what serene independence of design often went to fabricate the least among those treasures. And they know, also, the insolence of the greatest workmen, who were too pressed to wait on perfection in their haste to reveal to us some supreme jewel scarcely cleansed from the matrix."

2nd Prize.—Miss RICHARDS, West Cross House, Swansea.

The Daily Mail, July 8. From leading article, "No Sacrifice Vain."

"The eternal answer to those who ask, 'What is the good of it all?' was given by Captain Scott, dying, with no hope of rescue, in the terrible silence of the Antarctic wastes. 'For my own sake I do not regret this journey. which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past.' Who shall say what influence such an example had upon his countrymen in the war which was already imminent when he lay dying? Nothing that is noble is wasted, and this spirit which fearlessly disregards death in the eagerness for achievement is, we may rest certain, one of the noblest qualities in man. The position of a people or nation depends not so much on material things, though they are not entirely to be neglected, as on the courage and manhood and devotion of its sons."

3rd Prize.—Mr. D. J. H. KAY, Rocklea, Lerwick, Shetland.

The English Review, July. From "The Outlook of a Young Conservative," by Patrick Devlin.

"Such is the creed which sets out neither to destroy the structure of the State nor yet to retain it in useless antiquity, but rather to add to it, remodel its detail, and repair the ravages of the years, keeping always its essential character; in short, it is a

conservation, not of the letter of the law so much as of the spirit that infuses it. Withal, it is a creed not dazzled by idealism; that, though it sees the goal ahead, refrains from plunging helter-skelter to grasp at it; that realizes that the preservation of the heritage of the ages is a greater and a nobler task than creation by the raw and untutored mind; and that is not abashed to let the eager fires of youth's enthusiasms be sobered by experienced maturity."

[*We have decided not to continue the competition, owing to the perplexing problems of choice it involves. To make awards among such a wide variety of entries, many of them of almost equal merit, has been an invidious task, and, notwithstanding the trouble taken, some competitors must have been justifiably disappointed.*—ED. E.R.]

In our last number the name of one of the prize-winners, Major LE MESURIER, *appeared as "Le Masurier."*

Books

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

A BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE SATIRE. Chosen and annotated by A. G. BARNES. Methuen. 4s. 6d.

MR. BARNES has made an excellent selection with judicious notes of verse satire from the Elizabethan period to the present day, which, indeed, offers little of the sort. Imitations from the Latin and the heroic couplet, on which English satire chiefly rested, are out of date and repute. There is plenty of material for the angry man to-day, but things designed, as Johnson said of Pope, to "vex somebody" are now done in prose, or, as Mr. Barnes points out, in the cartoon. The flogging of poor humanity for moral purposes is obsolete, for the age tolerates all sorts of behaviour, having lost that idea of conduct which used to inspire the Victorians. Still, the bitter muse of some war poets was notable and accomplished enough to deserve recognition, if space and copyright had allowed.

To extracts that may be supposed to be familiar Mr. Barnes adds some good things which will be new to the average reader—the neat charm of Green on the Spleen, Churchill's castigation of Johnson and Warburton, Hood's "Ode to Rae Wilson," and Peacock's "Rich and Poor." Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" deserved insertion as "the last great Juvenalian satire in English," but it has, like Juvenal, a note of insincerity and conscious literary exaggeration. To do justice to Byron the mature mastery of "Don Juan" might also have been sampled.

Hall might have been included with Donne, but on reflection we do not think that we really want to read him again. On the other hand, we should have been glad to see once more Canning on the Needy Knife-grinder. It is a pity that there is no one like the author of "The New Timon" to hit off our politicians in verse; for a phrase like "the Rupert of Debate" sticks, when prose is forgotten. Burns on the "Unco' Guid" is quite good, but possible additions would have spoilt a point of the book, that it is light in hand and fit for the pocket. Perhaps it may inspire somebody—*facit indignatio versum*—to a recognition of the remarkable Mr. Cook, whose name is easy to rhyme, if the working of his mind is difficult to follow.

V. R.

GEORGE MEREDITH. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Macmillan. 5s.

MEREDITH is now unduly neglected, as he was formerly adulated, but few calm judges will grudge him a place in the revived "English Men of Letters" on his permanent merits. This volume is in the best sense critical and thoroughly worthy of its predecessors. Whilst evidently aware of the considerable body of writing on his subject, Mr. Priestley shows himself capable of forming a detached and individual judgment, and of putting it clearly before his readers.

That Meredith was a great writer, but not a great man, is the main conclusion reached, and it is surely a sound one. Whether it is true that he was a great writer because he was not a great man is perhaps a more hazardous verdict, though it is here plausibly urged that he built up both his greatest creations on the foundation of his own personal weaknesses. Pride and self-consciousness seem to have been his besetting sins, and the creator of the immortal Countess de Saldar appears to have been no little of a snob himself. Put in other words, it is doubtful if the most distinguished writer of his day did not always remain the "Gentleman Georgy" of his boyhood. His return upon himself in relation to the fiasco of his first marriage in the psychological poem "Modern Love," is still more remarkable and less indubitable.

Meredith's very versatility was probably one of the causes which prevented him from reaching the summits. He was preoccupied with philosophy, when he should have been the complete poet; and his overpowering wit marred the flow of his narrative as a novelist no less than his indifference to constructive considerations. The elect will not like Mr. Priestley's drastic criticism of their idol as a poet, but one fears that it is just to say that he had no instinctive sense of form. The comparisons with Wordsworth and Coleridge are deadly, and it is difficult to dissent from the judgment that much of Meredith's verse, with all its good qualities, is neither "simple, sensuous, nor passionate." As to

his novels, Mr. Priestley lays his finger upon their cardinal weakness when he points out their lack of broad humanity. On the other hand, it is scarcely disputable that certain of his female characters are almost unique in their excellence, or that the great scenes in the best novels have rarely been surpassed in fiction. Meredith's originality either as poet or novelist cannot be gainsaid, or his enormous influence upon the modern novel. Mr. Priestley's reminder that the creator of "Diana" was no feminist in the extreme sense of the word is timely, but may cause discontent in "advanced" quarters.

FRENCH STUDIES AND REVIEWS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

WE are glad to have in book form these reviews, which some of us cut out of *The Times Literary Supplement* on their first appearance in order to place them in the book to which they referred. Mr. Aldington belongs to the select band of English scholars who not only appreciate French literature, but also know something about it. His papers range from the Middle Ages down to the poets of to-day. His estimate of Villon is especially interesting, and his pertinent remark on the difficulty of interpreting the jargon of that day is supported by the confession of M. Thuasne that some parts of the *Testament* are still incomprehensible to the most learned mediævalists. This should give pause to the more facile of our translators. In speaking of recent poets, while doing full justice to Rodenbach, he seems to undervalue Charles Guérin, whose reputation has risen steadily since his early death. But he is very sound on Mérimée and all the Romantic movement, and Hugo, for all his jeering, will not be less the author of unforgettable masterpieces.

When the greatest critic of our day, equally learned in French and in English literature, is gathered to his fathers, the French half of the cloak of George Saintsbury might fall on many shoulders less worthy than those of Richard Aldington.

FICTION

THE EMERGENCE OF MARIE. By A. J. DAWSON. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

MR. DAWSON has found for his heroine a success typical of our strange era. As a typist she gets engaged on "Willgood's Weekly," being the daughter of a man who has gained a big money prize out of that enterprising journal. Moving up in the office in spite of a setback, she reads with passionate interest the weekly's serial story, and when the author of it dies, finishes her tale and proceeds to write others of immense popularity. A "highbrow," who seeks to marry her and becomes her agent, introduces some interesting discussions concerning the merits of this popular stuff. It seems certain that no man can write it

effectively with his tongue in his cheek. Mr. Dawson develops with excellent humour and detail the ways of a small suburban home, the facetiousness of the young clerk, and the humbug which reigns "with most prevailing tinsel" over much of the business of writing and publishing. The lingo of commerce, as in the Utrytrem typewriter ribbons, is exactly hit off, while the pretentious throughout are touched with humorous irony.

TURBOTT WOLFE. By WILLIAM PLOMER. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

WE know nothing of Mr. Plomer, but in his story of a cultivated Englishman who went out to run a trading station in South Africa he has made a very interesting, though one-sided, book on the difficulties of dealings between black and white. The details of scenery and atmosphere are always effective, and "only man is vile." Wolfe, over-sensitive and abnormal in temper, has surely very bad luck in his surroundings. He finds farmers who are brutal and beastly; missionaries who are powerful—but not in the Gospel way—idle, incompetent, or worse; and a solitary old aristocrat of a labourer who pleases him. He believes too much in the natives, whom he regards as spoilt beyond hope. He sees a case of miscegenation coming on, and is powerless to prevent it. The authorities listen without verification to scandal against him.

It is the story of a pessimist, a man of understanding isolated from those of his sort, and too much concerned with his own thoughts. Mr. Plomer has a strong sense of character, and, if this is a first book, he has distinction in literature within his grasp.

THE DANGER GAME. By ARTHUR MILLS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

IT is not quite clear what "the danger game" is. It may be hunting, when one rides for a broken neck, it may be a badly placed petrol tank—this at least conveys a premonition of a big scene to the hardened reader—but it is probably the love of married people for other people's partners. All these things come into Mr. Mills's capital story. It opens uncommonly well when the pretty American heiress glimpses a kiss in the train which is bringing her and her millionaire brother to London. The kiss, she discovers, was no great matter when she meets the participants, but it leads to others of a diminishing brotherliness after she marries the impoverished young sprig of nobility and meets his fascinating friend.

Then comes the tug-of-war between Middle West determination and efficiency and the traditions of Horseback Hall; the upsetting of the gentlemanly blackmailer by the American business man, and a cool absent treatment for a dependent husband on the part of the young transatlantic Countess. Mr. Mills enlists our sympathies for the lovers in his easy and pleasant story.

BOOKS

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH. By HOLLOWAY HORN. Holden. 7s. 6d.

IT often happens that one is asked to recommend one of the new novels, say, at a tennis party, or seated at somebody's dinner-table. The matter calls for thought and hesitation. Yet after one has read "Round the Mulberry Bush" one need hesitate no longer. Here is the perfect thing, beloved by all the libraries, by their subscribers. Mr. Horn has done the trick. If "Round the Mulberry Bush" does not go into edition after edition he should go out and slay his publisher.

A good story with plenty of suspense, pleasant characters who behave and talk like real people, and a witty and an easy style are the chief ingredients of this excellent novel. The scenery is that of Monte Carlo, of London, Lyme Regis, Paris, and, strangely enough, of Java, where the story ends on a note which shows that Mr. Horn can be serious as well as playful. He is, in the better sense, a man of the world, and one is thankful to note that his characters, though modern and well sexed, are neither "highbrow" nor obsessed. One should be grateful for a book which reminds one in places of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, but which is quite definitely and unmistakably the author's own and no one else's.

A. K.

HISTORY AND LEGEND

THE LIBERATION OF MANKIND: THE STORY OF MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR THE RIGHT TO THINK. By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

THE author writes for children and those children of a larger growth who know nothing clearly about the martyrs and movements of the past—a vivid, easy, slangy summary. He exhibits the careers and fortunes of many famous men who have fought for ideals of intellectual liberty at the expense of their own comfort, and often of their own lives. It is "history without tears," as seen by a downright American who has evidently thought and read a good deal; and everywhere points are sharpened by the use of many short paragraphs. Experts are sure to be annoyed at some of Mr. Van Loon's abbreviations of elaborate issues; but his book may be read, when theirs, clogged with learning, make no appeal to the average man. Though universal toleration is a dream beyond human hopes, it is well to see and know how seldom in the world's history freedom of action or judgment against accepted views has had fair play. The sentiment "Thought is free" occurs twice in Shakespeare, who may have been affected by Bruno and the notorious band of free-thinkers of his time. But the world had ample reason to know then and later that the established religion was necessary for any man who would keep safe and get on. Shakespeare makes his Prince Hal say to Poins: "Thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better

than thine." To-day, in the twentieth century and the leading democracy of the world, we find an official persecution of those who hold the doctrines of evolution and prohibition maintained as a bitter and every way demoralizing farce. As Mr. Van Loon reminds us, a "heresy" is in Greek only a "choice," and "the subjects of all heresies are extremely difficult," as "heretics almost invariably are poor people who have small gift for publicity," and the records we have of them are made by their enemies. This does not apply to Socrates, who has been glorified by the greatest of artists in prose, though he undoubtedly upset the routine of his home town by his incessant questions and doubts about the advanced education of the period. All the persecution which now seems to us so horrible was not so to those who were only exercising the herd's instinctive and protective fear of unusual behaviour. Mr. Van Loon is mostly concerned with religious intolerance, but science can show also its martyrs and obscurantists. He is so appreciative and open-minded that it is a surprise to find him calling Voltaire's history dull. He ends with an excellent plea against the defeatists. Brutality and cruelty have been slowly but sensibly reduced as the ages pass, and not least in the last hundred years or so. "Let the ape and tiger die," said Tennyson, and Creighton added that even so "the donkey remains." Stupidity has often interrupted progress; but the human race has survived many fearful things. It has an "almost incredible vitality." Yet it retains in affairs of the mind a large stock of indolence. So Englishmen may not grasp that a "columnist" is the sort of newspaper publicist who, like St. Simeon Stylites, advertises his views at the top of a column; and the genuine student may complain that Mr. Van Loon has not added a feature expected in every volume worth reading and digesting—an index.

TWO GLASTONBURY LEGENDS. By J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

Glastonbury has more legends than two, and is still in the way of creating them, but its most famous heroes are King Arthur and Joseph of Arimathea. King Arthur is almost a creation of the Plantagenet kings; like them, he ruled, not only all Britain, but much of Gaul; he had made his power felt by Rome, and his fame became so embarrassing that they had to kill him. Thus it came about that in 1191, or thereabouts, a skeleton was dug up with a leaden burial cross (usual at that time) on its breast, and an inscription which Leland, who had the cross in his hands, copied: "Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arturius in insula Avalonia"—the isle of Avalon, first outpost of the land of faery. Once Avalon was associated with Glastonbury, the legend of Joseph of Arimathea was taken over bodily

from the Grail romances—leaving out the Grail and substituting for it the two cruets in which he had preserved the blood and sweat of the Redeemer. Joseph became one of the first founders, indeed, the founder of the Abbey, and thus assured its position among the most ancient foundations in Christendom. The Dean of Wells has written a fascinating account of the growth of these legends, but it will not make him more popular than he is at Glastonbury.

MRS. MARKHAM'S NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By HILAIRE BELLOC. The Cayme Press, Kensington. 6s.

MR. BELLOC writes best, we think, in a form restraining his fluency and confidence, which are sometimes excessive. Truly admirable are the irony and sarcasm concealed in the comfortable explanations of Mrs. Markham when she is instructing her children, Tommy and Mary, on "the institutions and recent history of our beloved country," and "those elements of Civics which are essential to the rising generation of a great Democracy." Talking of the House of Lords, she explains that "two years is about the time which it takes a bad law to become good." As might be expected, she has some things to say about Jews and Germans who are also English. Mary asks about company promoters—what happens when one of these good, kind gentlemen fails to strike oil—and learns that they have to be content with

what are called flotation expenses, directors' fees, incidental expenses, clerical expenses, legal expenses, and what are known in our law as etceteras; and many company promoters in our great towns, with their hideous social injustice, are, I am sorry to say, compelled to live upon these alone.

As for the Americans,

Every American Ambassador praises in every speech the policeman's arm, and this makes us like brothers,

and they are singularly modest:

Tommy: Do all foreigners boast, mamma?
Mamma: Yes, my dear; except the Americans.

Mrs. Markham has to face some pain in the slang and enterprise of Tommy, who buys Baron Riddell's *News of the World* for the nurse.

GENERAL

INTERPRETATIONS. By L. COPE CORNFORD. Harrap. 6s.

MR. CORNFORD writes charmingly, but need not have strained his ingenuity to find a common purpose in the variety of his reprinted articles. Lamb supplied no such excuse for unity of treatment in his collection of journalism. In the shorter articles here not much can be said, and we often wish for more. Less than five pages is little enough for the vast work of Hugo. The

eulogy of Henley is overdone and his influence exaggerated. The longer view of Walter Scott is admirable in its just praise, and so is the appreciation of Lord Charles Beresford, who rose from being a perky and wild young gentleman to do great work for the navy, both on the thinking and the practical side. "Commercialism and Art" exposes an unpleasant and generally concealed side of modern life. The so-called art critic who yields to the claims of commerce is a disgrace to himself and a nuisance to the public. In the naval section at the end Mr. Cornford remarks that only two public men thought, when the war began, of a submarine war on commerce. The curious fact is that some years before the war a sapient political committee deliberated on this very subject and decided that there was no danger of interference with our food supplies!

THE POETRY OF FLIGHT: AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by STELLA WOLFE MURRAY. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

Flying is pre-eminently a romantic subject and has inspired the poet and idealist all down the ages. The story of Daedalus and Icarus is a commonplace and the works of Shakespeare contain sound references to man's aspiration to "ride on the curl'd clouds." There are many references to Bladud's legendary attempt in sixteenth and seventeenth-century verse, such as that in Spenser's "Faerie Queene":

> Yet he at last, contending to excel
> The reach of men, through flight into fond mischiefe fell.

Miss Wolfe Murray has, of course, found it impossible to include all the verse of this period, much of it doggerel, but she gives an interesting example of the achievement of the balloon at the end of the eighteenth century. James Tytler, best known as the first editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," himself an unsuccessful experimenter, thus apostrophizes Vincent Lunardi, the first "aerial traveller" in England:

> I see thee graceful and majestic rise,
> Mount on the winds, and triumph in the skies;
> Till envious clouds conceal thee from our view,
> And saga Vision can no more pursue.

Perhaps the best extract is from Shelley's fragment, "A Cloud Chariot," with the fine lines:

> Oh, that a chariot of cloud were mine!
> I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind
> To the mountain peak and the rocky lake.

Among the best modern poems of flight is "The Island Hawk," with its lilting refrain:

> By the storm-beat wings of the hawk, the hawk,
> Bent beak and pitiless breast,
> They clove their way thro' the red sea-fray:
> Who wakens me now to the quest?